6/1/84 DRAFT

THE DESTROYER

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DESTROYER PRODUCTIONS
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BLACKNESS. We hear the VOICE of MARV ALBERT, the N.Y. Knicks radio announcer, very faint at first so that it takes a few seconds to realize that we are listening to a basketball game and that it is between the Knicks and the Lakers. As the excited MARV ALBERT becomes more audible and we hear the roar of the crowd, the SCREEN LIGHTENS DRAMATICALLY and we PULL BACK in one long, continuous shot to reveal that the glow that has been filling the screen belongs to the illuminated torch of THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

It is NIGHT and as we continue to pull back slowly we can make out the silhouette of the Statue against a glittering background that expands to take in the myriad fairy tale lights of LOWER MANHATTAN. The scene is one of spectacular beauty with only the basketball commentary intruding a note of mundanity.

As we continue to PULL BACK, two dark shapes arrive like the bars of a cage on either side of the screen. They are gaunt, ugly, abandoned warehouses and they introduce a change of world. Our POV has been that of someone in the GOWANUS SECTION OF BROOKLYN, a shabby, decrepit waterside area running to seed. The sound of the basketball commentary is joined by the hum of the traffic crossing the Brooklyn Bridge and the mournful bay of a tug.

A car passes as a dark shape across the screen.

CUT TO

A POLICE CAR crawling along a street of squat, squalid buildings with the magnificence of Manhattan in the background. Steam rises from manholes, empty warehouses are boarded up. There is nobody on the street.

CUT TO

ED MAKIN at the wheel of the police car. He is wearing a cop's uniform. We don't see his face too well in this opening sequence because it is always in shadow or shot from an angle. When we see his eyes they have a great intensity.

We hear the basketball commentary clearly. MAKIN is looking about him and we see those eyes in the rearview mirror as he checks behind.

CUT TO

THE POLICE CAR continuing down the street and making a left.

CUT TO

SMALL TRANSISTOR RADIO on the seat beside MAKIN. It is on this that he is listening to the basketball game. Beside the radio is a THERMOS and MAKIN raises a styrofoam cup of coffee to his lips as he coasts along.

Attached to the dashboard within reaching distance is a MISS PIGGY DOLL. She gazes up at MAKIN adoringly and wears a miniature N.Y. Jets sweatshirt above frilly petticoats.

POLICE CAR RADIO
(male voice)
2L-16 - 2L-16... Tack 2.

MAKIN has his hands full with the coffee and the steering wheel. He shoves the cup down MISS PIGGY'S cleavage where it is retained by the baggy sweatshirt and hurriedly switches off the transistor. In his rush he spills coffee on his fingers.

MAKIN
(softly)
Shit.

He thrusts his hand up MISS PIGGY'S skirt and wipes his fingers on her petticoats.

POLICE CAR RADIO
(impatient)
2L-16 - respond please.

MAKIN turns radio switch and picks up mike.

MAKIN
2L-16.

CUT TO

SULLIVAN, a hard-faced, middle-aged police sergeant speaking into a mike. Behind him in the POLICE STATION all is noise and bustle with a YOUTH holding the side of his bleeding head being booked in the presence of TWO COPS.

SULLIVAN
I hope I didn't wake you.

CUT TO

MAKIN at the wheel.

MAKIN
Nope.

CUT TO

SULLIVAN INSIDE POLICE STATION

SULLIVAN
That's good. Listen, Kavetsky's sick - you've drawn another couple of hours in the graveyard.

MAKIN'S VOICE
Great.

SULLIVAN
I knew you'd be grateful. Okay, 2L-16, it was real nice chatting with you.

CUT TO

THE LOWER HALF OF MAKIN'S FACE

MAKIN
(deadpan)
I enjoyed it.

SULLIVAN'S VOICE
By the way - Makin
(a beat)
- how're are the Knicks doing?

MAKIN starts to smile and then his expression changes. He has seen something.

CUT TO

FIRST HOOD running for his life as he appears round corner ahead of POLICE CAR. He sprints down street and ducks into alley as menacing SECOND and THIRD HOODS burst round corner in pursuit.

CUT TO

GRIM-FACED MAKIN as he speaks quickly into mike.

MAKIN
(dismissive)
See you.

He replaces mike swiftly.

CUT TO

HEADLIGHTS DYING as the POLICE CAR steals silently towards the alley.

CUT TO

THE ALLEY as seen by MAKIN turning into it. A SHABBY VAN is parked against the wall. MAKIN passes it and hits the head-lights.

CUT TO

FIRST HOOD pinned against a wall and receiving a vicious jab in the stomach from a BASEBALL BAT wielded by SECOND HOOD.

As MAKIN'S headlights hit them all three men react and SECOND and THIRD HOOD take off towards a high chain link fence that blocks the end of the alley from the wharves and the river. SECOND HOOD tosses aside BAT. FIRST HOOD remains doubled up against wall.

The POLICE CAR screeches to a halt beyond the VAN and MAKIN leaps out.

CUT TO

MAKIN throwing up his gun in classic legs apart, both arms extended copybook pose. His shoulders are broad, his braced thighs bulging with muscle. He looks mean and dangerous. Not a man to mess with.

MAKIN
Freeze!

The voice is controlled. There is no edge of panic.

CUT TO

SECOND and THIRD HOODS nearly at the fence with the river beyond. They slam on the brakes and raise their hands slowly and warily. Beside them are the remains of an abandoned car among a sea of garbage. The wheels have gone and one door hangs open a few inches. Nearby are abandoned shopping carts, mildewed mattresses and rusting washing machines.

CUT TO

MAKIN, gun in hand, bypassing a spilled trash can as he approaches SECOND and THIRD HOODS. He gestures to the abandoned car.

MAKIN
Hands on the car - move it!

SECOND and THIRD HOODS do as they are told and glance at each other. They look mean and ready to try something. Beyond them is the POLICE CAR with the VAN behind. FIRST HOOD pulls himself to his feet.

MAKIN approaches SECOND and THIRD HOODS warily.

MAKIN
Spread 'em!
(a beat)
Wider!

MAKIN boots SECOND HOOD'S legs apart and moves in to frisk him.

ZOOM PAST HIM DOWN ALLEY TO

GRANITE-FACED MAN (MacCLEARY) materializing from the shadows behind steering wheel of VAN as he chews gum and thoughtfully watches action.

FIRST HOOD who is now coming up behind MAKIN, stoops to retrieve the discarded BASEBALL BAT.

CUT TO

MAKIN warily withdrawing white packet from inside bomber jacket of THIRD HOOD.

FIRST HOOD looms up behind MAKIN and suddenly smashes his BAT down on MAKIN'S gun arm knocking the weapon to the ground.

SECOND and THIRD HOODS leap at MAKIN as FIRST HOOD swings again. MAKIN fights tough and dirty - and he is fast. The BAT catches him in the face but as SECOND HOOD tries to pinion him, MAKIN jerks his head back to break the grip and then twists to butt THIRD HOOD in the face breaking his nose.

FIRST HOOD swings again but MAKIN grabs the BAT and jerks his knee into the man's crotch. A vicious jab with BAT and FIRST HOOD is flying into the debris.

SECOND HOOD lunges with a switchblade and MAKIN harnesses his momentum to dodge and thrust the knife arm through the rusty metal of the car. A rabbit punch and the man is on his knees. THIRD HOOD rushes in with an iron bar and MAKIN lashes out with both feet to propel him into a shopping cart that smashes against the wall. The man is K.O.'d.

MAKIN back-elbows SECOND HOOD in the face with the force of a steam piston and dodges sideways as FIRST HOOD lunges forward from knee level with MAKIN'S gun in his hand. With lightning speed, MAKIN grabs the already open car door and swings it into the man's face. There is a sharp crack and the man sprawls K.O.'d.

Now only SECOND HOOD is conscious. He lurches unsteadily to his feet and hesitates as MAKIN stands panting before him like an angry bull. A glance towards the immobile THIRD and FIRST HOOD and SECOND HOOD starts to stagger back down the alley.

MAKIN calmly stoops and retrieves his gun. Without extending himself MAKIN follows SECOND HOOD and catches up with him just as he is passing an upended trash can.

MAKIN kicks SECOND HOOD'S legs from beneath him and the man drops on all fours. In the same movement MAKIN grabs him by shirt neck and seat pant and projects him into the fallen trash can with such force that his head thunks against its bottom. As the garbage spills over his lower body SECOND HOOD looks like a hog rooting in a trough. With easy grace, MAKIN stoops to snap cuffs on the man's wrists behind his back. As he straightens up and turns toward the car he speaks in a voice that is almost friendly.

MAKIN
Don't eat too much.

MAKIN slumps into the front seat of his police car. There is blood coming from his mouth, forehead and the ugly red welt on his cheek. He has been hurt. He shakes his head at MISS PIGGY as he reaches out for the RADIO MIKE. Her eyes seem even wider as she gazes back at him in admiration.

CUT TO

HEAD-ON VIEW OF MacCLEARY through windshield of VAN. He spits out chewing gum like he means business.

CUT TO

MAKIN as he starts to speak into MIKE.

MAKIN
This is 2L-16... Officer needs...

He breaks off as headlights blaze and there is the mounting roar of an engine behind him. He starts to turn as the noise and dazzling lights bear down on his police car.

CUT TO

Front of van at bumper level. Two metal prongs protrude like the truncated lifting arms of a forklift truck. We hardly have time to register them before the van leaps forward and the metal prongs sink into the trunk of the police car buckling the metal as if it was tinfoil.

CUT TO

UNDERCRANKED SEQUENCE of MAKIN hurled forward against windshield of police car so that the glass spiderwebs with the impact of his head. MISS PIGGY, cup, thermos and transistor are sailing through air with him.

CUT TO

THE HORRIFIED FACE OF SULLIVAN in the POLICE STATION as he stares at the COMMAND RADIO in front of him and listens to the sounds of destruction coming from it.

CUT TO

The van thrusting forward, engine screaming, pushing the police car before it like a speeded-up bulldozer. There is a grinding of metal and a spray of sparks and rust. The police car smashes into the chain link fence and carries a section with it draped across the hood and windshield. The edge of the wharf looms with the black water beyond.

CUT TO

EDGE OF WHARF. Police car trembles on the brink and then breaks free from van to plunge into the water carrying a section of the chain link fence with it. A surge of water closes over it and the shimmering lights of the Brooklyn Bridge are reflected against the troubled surface.

CUT TO

UNDERWATER. Water is pouring into the police car through the small hole punched by MAKIN'S head and an open window. The police car is filling fast and MISS PIGGY floats on her back, trotters raised as if in consternation. The thermos and cup bobble as MAKIN'S despairing head breaks the surface, blood streaming from the wounds on his face. Like a zapped boxer struggling to beat the count he tries to make contact with the door handle. The rising water is breaking over his face. The section of chain link fence is still across the windshield.

CUT TO

Exterior of police car underwater. Slowly it twists and sinks even deeper into the murky depths as bubbles stream upwards in an explosion of noise.

CUT TO

Interior of police car underwater. Now it is completely filled with water and MISS PIGGY drifts as if through air past MAKIN'S legs which are touching the roof. MAKIN is drowning.

CUT TO

Interior of police car from MAKIN'S POV. He is below level of window and his hands claw up towards open space through which he might escape. As we close on this opening, TWO FROGMENS' masks loom up over the doorsill like the faces of hideous insects. They lunge towards us until the screen goes BLACK.

CUT TO

Picturesque GREENWOOD CEMETERY - BROOKLYN at a Hero Cop Funeral. It is raining. There are a lot of flowers. TWO ROWS OF POLICEMEN in dress uniform flank the open grave. Other CIVILIAN DIGNITARIES stand nearby as a SENIOR POLICE OFFICER addresses the throng. All have heads bowed.

CAMERA moves slowly along a row of sober-faced POLICEMEN.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER'S VOICE
And so it is with pride as well
as sorrow that we are gathered
here today.

We recognize SERGEANT SULLIVAN by the gravesite. Awkwardly he raises a finger to his eye and brushes something away. Perhaps it is a raindrop, perhaps a tear.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER'S VOICE
Officer Edward Melrose Makin died as he lived - defending the American way...

CAMERA comes to the end of the line of MOURNERS. Standing on the very fringe of the gathering is MacCLEARY wearing civilian clothes and a raincoat with a turned-up collar. He is chewing gum and there is no trace of concern on his hard face. He starts to turn away.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER'S VOICE
His body may be returned to the Earth but his spirit will live forever.

DISSOLVE TO

A section of still water bisected by the first rays of the rising sun. PULL BACK to reveal that we are in a wide bay surrounded by low hills on one of which is the delicate outline of a pagoda-like building. It is a scene of great peace and natural beauty. Arranged beside the pathway of light from the sun that peeps over the hills as if in a Chinese watercolor is a SAMPAN containing the dark silhouette of a MAN (CHIUN) fishing. There is the delicate music of a flute and a flock of geese stream across the pink dawn sky.

CUT TO

CHIUN in the sampan, fishing. He has an oriental face and looks in his middle fifties although he is really in his seventies. He is slim and wiry with delicate hands and features and sensitive eyes. He wears a high-necked tunic with sleeves widening at the wrist that comes down to the top of his narrow thighs and straight trousers and mocassins. His hair is pulled back from his head and secured at the nape of his neck in a tiny scut. Although his dress is oriental it is not exaggeratedly so. He gazes down at his fishing line, his intelligent face totally absorbed.

CHIUN cocks his head and listens. A pause and he nods as if confirming something to himself. He starts to stow his fishing kit.

The sound of swirling water and without warning the conning tower of a U.S. NUCLEAR SUBMARINE breaks the surface and the huge bulk of the SUBMARINE rears from the depths a few yards from the sampan.

CHIUN appears totally unsurprised.

As the swell rocks his boat he does not even look towards the SUBMARINE but continues to neatly stow his fishing rod inside the boat before rising to his feet and taking hold of the paddle rigged to the rear of the sampan.

CUT TO

CHIUN paddles a few strokes and stoops to pick up a PARCEL of his belongings from the bottom of the sampan.

CUT TO

A graceful seabird rising into the air from a rock.

PULL BACK TO

THE SAMPAN exactly as we first saw it rocking gently in its beautiful oriental setting, but now there is no CHIUN and no SUBMARINE.

DISSOLVE TO

A FUZZY SHOT of a windshield wiper. But no, it's not a windshield wiper, the motion is too irregular. It's a feather, a white feather, but no, the image is getting much clearer now. It's a STRAIGHT-EDGE RAZOR. Suddenly we see it deadly sharp and menacing right before our eyes.

CUT TO

MAKIN'S FACE coming to grips with what we have just seen. He blinks as if coming round from an anesthetic. Although not unlike the MAKIN we saw in the police car his features have been changed by plastic surgery and there are welts and bruises on his rugged but sensual face. Something about the eyes tells you that this man can conquer tough breaks with laughter.

Quickly in command of his faculties he snaps out a hand to grasp the female wrist that is holding the razor.

CUT TO

THE FACE OF A PRETTY, FEMALE NURSE. She perches beside the supine MAKIN on the bed of a private room in a hospital.

NURSE
(reasurring)
I was shaving you.

MAKIN is not reassured. He looks about him warily.

MAKIN
Where am I?

MAKIN does not wait for an answer but starts to swing his legs from the bed.

Immediately, he lets out an exclamation of pain and clutches at his bandaged ribs. He winces and doubles up with his bare feet on the floor. He appears naked, barely covered by the sheet that was over him in the bed. His body is battered and bruised but in fine athletic shape. He starts to straighten up and prepares to push himself to his feet. Then he stops. He has seen something that astonishes him.

CUT TO

MAKIN staring at himself in horror in alcove mirror. His fingers brush some shaving cream from his cheek.

MAKIN
That's not me!

MacCLEARY'S VOICE
We did some work on you.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY standing near door which slides closed silently behind him. He wears a suit, gloves and carries something in a brown paper bag which we barely notice. Also, a folded newspaper.

CUT TO

MAKIN as he digests this remark and starts to look down apprehensively towards his genitals.

MacCLEARY'S VOICE
Just your face.

MAKIN
You'd better have had a damn good reason.

MacCLEARY
We did.

MAKIN
Who's 'we'?
(a beat as his anger rises)
What the hell have you done to me!?

MacCLEARY turns to the NURSE.

MacCLEARY
Thank you, Nurse.

CUT TO

NURSE looks at MAKIN sympathetically as she leaves the room.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY arriving at the head of MAKIN'S bed. He removes a bunch of bananas from the brown paper bag and holds them up to MAKIN before dropping them into the fruit bowl on the bedside table.

MacCLEARY
You've been recruited.

MAKIN looks unlovingly from the bananas to MacCLEARY.

MacCLEARY
Edward Melrose Makin is just a memory... now you're a person who doesn't exist about to work for an organization that doesn't exist.

MAKIN'S eyes narrow.

MAKIN
You're the one who set me up in that alley aren't you?

MacCLEARY smiles.

MAKIN
Supposing those punks had killed me.

MacCLEARY
Then we'd have picked the wrong man.
(a beat)
You were the best the computer could give us - a decorated cop, Green Beret, no family, no commitments. Now we've given you something... a new face... new fingerprints... even a brand new name... Remo... Remo Williams.

MAKIN (REMO)
Remo?

MacCLEARY
Rolls off the tongue like spit off a rock.

MacCLEARY draws closer to the window and looks down to the waking city.

MacCLEARY
This is a great country, Remo, but it has one fundamental defect - the Constitution doesn't work anymore. It protects the evil instead of the weak.
(MORE)

MacCLEARY (CONT'D)
Our legal system is manipulated by people who shoot kids full of dope; who run child porn rings; who maim and extort and yet can walk out of a courtroom scot-free and run for mayor. Our cops are corrupt, our judges bought, our politicians up for sale.

REMO (MAKIN)
What else is new?

CUT TO

MacCLEARY turns back from the window.

MacCLEARY
So what do we do - disband the police force and start again? Fire the lawyers? Rewrite the Constitution? Have a revolution? No, we can't do that. You don't cut down a field of growing wheat because there's a few weeds in it - but when those weeds push above the level of wheat -

CUT TO

THE RAZOR has appeared in MacCLEARY'S hands. It snaps shut with a loud click.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY facing REMO.

MacCLEARY
- you snip off their heads.
(a beat)
That's what you're going to do - Remo - You're going to be the Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not get away with it."

REMO
Supposing I said that your idea sucks.

MacCLEARY
Don't be a smart-ass. Take a look in the mirror. We're not asking you to join - you've joined...

CUT TO

REMO looking contemplatively at his new reflection. It looks pretty good.

MacCLEARY'S VOICE
... but if you don't like the job I can offer one alternative -

MacCLEARY comes into frame behind REMO.

MacCLEARY
- an empty coffin in Greenwood Cemetery. It's even got your old name on it.

He tosses the NEWSPAPER onto the bed. Prominent is a photograph of 'REMO'S' funeral and a headline saying "SLAIN HERO COP BURIED WITH FULL HONORS." REMO takes in the headline and turns to MacCLEARY. There is an edge of grudging respect in his voice.

REMO
You're a real bastard.

MacCLEARY
But my mother gave me a name - Conn MacCleary.

He grins at REMO and nods towards the fruit bowl.

MacCLEARY
See you tomorrow. Enjoy the bananas.

MacCLEARY heads towards the door followed by REMO'S brooding eyes.

CUT TO

The PROGRESS CHART hanging on the bed. It catches REMO'S eye and he picks it up and reads his name 'Remo Williams'.

REMO
Jeezus!

It is evening and REMO wears a skimpy robe. He tosses the CHART on the bed before crossing to the window and peering down.

CUT TO

The illuminated driveway of the hospital as seen from REMO'S POV. We share his view of an AMBULANCE pulling off the street and stopping outside the main entrance.

CUT TO

REMO turning from window and approaching closet. With a grunt of pain he pulls open the door.

The closet is empty save for three cheap wire coat hangers on a rail.

REMO
Shit.

CUT TO

NURSE balancing tray of food as she presses button that opens door to REMO'S room. It opens and she passes through.

CUT TO

NURSE entering REMO'S room with tray in hands. She pauses, surprised as she sees something on the bed.

CUT TO

THE BUNCH OF BANANAS resting on the bed with one banana removed and thrust into the others at right angles to the convex curve of the fruit so that it rises priapically in a gesture which is both rude and defiant.

CUT TO

SURGEON pushing through swinging doors and peeling off mask and cap. He dabs the sweat from his forehead with his upper arm. It has clearly been a tough operation. He starts to pull off his tunic, revealing that he only wears an undershirt beneath and then stops as he sees something.

CUT TO

REMO'S ROBE hanging from hook in dressing room. An empty clothes hanger lies on the bench beneath it. Also, a tie.

CUT TO

REMO emerging from main entrance of HOSPITAL as STAFF and VISITORS push past him. He wears a conservative sports jacket, shirt, and slacks with loafers. Everything fits - just.

CUT TO

AMBULANCE DRIVER getting out and hurrying to back of vehicle where HOSPITAL PORTER is helping down OLD LADY. He lends his support as she is shepherded to the waiting WHEELCHAIR.

CUT TO

REMO taking in the scene from the hospital entrance. He moves forward and passes behind AMBULANCE DRIVER, ORDERLY and OLD LADY to disappear behind AMBULANCE.

CUT TO

OLD LADY being eased into wheelchair by the attentive ORDERLY and AMBULANCE DRIVER.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
There you go, Mrs. Mossler.

CUT TO

Behind them, the AMBULANCE starts to draw away silently. Nobody notices.

CUT TO

A complacent REMO at the wheel of the ambulance as he makes a turn into a side street. He glances in a rearview mirror and, satisfied that there is no pursuit, smiles to himself.

Silently, a panel slides open. A PISTOL appears with its muzzle nearly touching REMO'S temple. Holding the pistol in a gloved hand is a smug MacCLEARY.

REMO turns his head and freezes as he becomes aware of the pistol.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY
(matter-of-fact)
Make a left at the next intersection -
(a beat)
- Remo.

REMO winces but does as he is told. MacCLEARY withdraws the pistol but continues to watch him carefully.

CUT TO

WALL STREET NIGHT. Impressive granite and glass-fronted buildings. The eerie feeling of an important commercial center with no people about. The AMBULANCE stops outside an imposing monument to Mammon.

CUT TO

REMO in front of MacCLEARY as they approach the front entrance of the building. The vestibule behind the glass windows is empty and dimly lit. REMO reads the plaque:

NATIONAL BANK OF THE UNITED STATES

REMO
You going to open an account
for me?

MacCLEARY appears unamused. He gestures REMO towards the door.

MacCLEARY
Let's go.

CUT TO

TWO BANK ROBBERS, stocking masks over their faces are holding up a terrified teller - she is handing over the contents of the till. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we are watching a TV show of the most banal kind.

CUT TO

HAROLD W. SMITH watching the show in his plainly-furnished office. He seems curiously uninvolved and is the most anonymous middle-aged man you ever saw. He wears a correct business suit and horn-rimmed spectacles that he adjusts with spare, jerky movements.

On the desk before him is a COMPUTER KEYBOARD which we realize controls the nearby TV as SMITH punches the keys with practiced fluency.

CUT TO

TV PICTURE rushing towards us so that the iris of the BANK TELLER'S eye fills the screen momentarily before we break through it.

There is a loud crackle of static and we hurtle on. For an instant the screen shows nothing but snow and we race into it as if on a space probe racing through an infinity of constellations at a speed faster than light. We hone in on an individual flake and it suddenly swamps the screen and becomes a mass of electronic text. SMITH juggles his keys and for a split second the weight of words falls into clear focus allowing us a chance to read the heading:

U.S. CITIZENS * SWISS BANK
ACCOUNTS * EXCESS $5m

plus a list of names and corporations that begin to print out.

CUT TO

SMITH'S absorbed phlegmatic face.

CUT TO

HUMMING COMPUTERS, scores of them, stretching away in orderly rows. Occasionally a noise ripples from one of them or some lights on a read-out flicker. They stand dimly lit in a section off the huge entrance hall of the Nat'l Bank of U.S. building. They look sinister as they chew and digest men's secrets.

A CLEANING WOMAN is dusting one of the COMPUTERS as if it was a piece of family china as MacCLEARY and REMO walk past.

REMO registers the computers.

CUT TO

ELEVATOR DOORS opening and REMO and MacCLEARY emerging to walk down a very uncharismatic corridor.

MacCLEARY gestures REMO towards a door which says:

HAROLD W. SMITH - ASSISTANT RESEARCH MANAGER

REMO ENTERS.

CUT TO

SMITH'S FACE as his spectacles reflect the names and numbers on the TV SCREEN he is watching.

There is a soft warble like a DOOR BELL. SMITH activates a switch on his desk. A MONITOR SCREEN set into the surface of the desk reveals REMO and MacCLEARY in the anteroom outside his office.

SMITH switches off his COMPUTER and the sounds and reflected images die. He presses a button and there is a 'click' from the door. It opens and MacCLEARY follows a disgruntled REMO into the office. SMITH rises to greet them.

SMITH
Good evening, Mr. Williams. My name is Harold W. Smith. I preside over the organization that has recruited you.

REMO ignores the proferred hand.

REMO
You call dumping me in the East River and shuffling my face recruitment?

SMITH
(unruffled)
I call it expedient. We have work for you to do, Mr. Williams.

REMO
Yeah, I know - killing people.

He indicates MacCLEARY.

REMO
Your friend already gave me the Gettysburg Address.

SMITH
Mr. William's we're not talking about common or garden criminals. We're talking about people who walk the corridors of power with impunity, who corrupt and subvert everything the Constitution exists to uphold - who have rendered themselves above the law.

REMO
Haven't you rendered yourself above the law?

SMITH
No, I am accountable.

REMO
To who?

SMITH
The President.
(a beat)
But I make the decisions.

He indicates the TV screen.

SMITH
You see, Mr. Williams, this ordinary looking television set interfaces with all the computers in the building and every source of processed information in the United States. I can enter any system and the individuals operating it will never know. As I sift this information it's as if I was scanning the human body with an X-ray machine and being able to pinpoint the sources of a malignant cancer. A cancer which has not responded to any treatment that the Constitution can prescribe.

REMO is still uncertain. He looks to the impassive MacCLEARY as if for guidance and then to the TV screen.

REMO
Supposing your miracle box makes a mistake?

SMITH
The weight of evidence I require precludes mistakes.
(a beat)
Mr. Williams, we're not bribing you with money - you're not going to be a cheap hit man. Where evil is concerned - you are The Destroyer.

REMO considers and glances quickly at MacCLEARY before returning to SMITH. One senses that he is weighing up the integrity of each man as much as the proposition.

REMO
(grudging but final)
O.K.

CUT TO

THE LIGHTS OF A CAR gliding to a halt outside a LARGE BROWNSTONE in N.Y.C. It is night. The lights die as the car stops beneath the shelter of a tree.

CUT TO

REMO looking out of the car window towards the house. Three upper windows glow. Everything else is in darkness.

REMO, wearing leather jacket, dark slacks and sneakers, is sitting beside MacCLEARY in the driver's seat.

MacCLEARY
Don't take any chances, Remo. This guy's a killer.

He hands REMO a DOOR KEY. REMO climbs out of the car.

MacCLEARY
Remember. In - out. Like a duck mating.

REMO
(through window)
Where're you going to be?

MacCLEARY
Right behind you.

REMO disappears into the shadows as he descends behind the railings leading to the basement of the brownstone. MacCLEARY looks after him wryly and withdraws a stick of chewing gum which he starts to unwrap.

CUT TO

REMO cautiously approaching the basement door.

CUT TO

UNDERSIDE OF GLASS TABLE. Delicate brush strokes move at great speed as they cover a sheet of semi-transparent rice paper with chinese calligraphy. The brush freezes. We hear nothing.

CUT TO

REMO silently turning the key in the basement door and pushing it open without a sound.

CUT TO

CHIUN, brush poised in hand, wearing the same expression of unruffled concentration as when we saw him fishing from the sampan.

We hear nothing but he sighs and shakes his head before returning to his calligraphy.

CUT TO

REMO materializing from the shadows, COLT COMMANDER PISTOL in hand. He takes in the long, dimly-lit room and the seemingly innocuous CHIUN at the glass table.

REMO taps the COLT meaningfully and raises a finger to his lips before crossing to the door at the end of the room.

CHIUN gives an audible exclamation of disgust and lays his brush on its rest by the ink stone. He places his hands on the table and waits.

REMO is having trouble with the door. It is locked. He gestures towards CHIUN with the COLT.

REMO
Hey, pal. How do you open this?

CHIUN does not deign to reply. REMO turns to give him his full attention.

REMO
Speakee English?

CHIUN
Does a nightingale sing?

CHIUN'S voice is urbane with a edge of the supercilious. An oriental Alec Guinness rather than a refugee from Charlie Chan. REMO refuses to allow himself to be fazed.

REMO
O.K. One chorus - how do I open this door and where do I find Mao Chiun?

CHIUN
(inscrutable)
You have found him.

REMO catches on fast. Now CHIUN has his full attention. REMO'S gun arm swings up.

REMO
You're Chiun.

CHIUN
(unruffled)
And you are an impertinent piece of pig's dropping.

CHIUN stands up and takes a step towards the edge of the table his hands by his side.

We read the dilemma in REMO'S eyes. He ought to let the evil old buzzard have it but it goes against his grain to shoot a man in cold blood. He hesitates. Tension.

CHIUN gives a little smile and his hand darts to the sleeve of his tunic as if going for a gun. REMO fires and the china base of the lamp in front of CHIUN shatters so that the still-glowing bulb and shade collapse onto the glass tabletop.

CHIUN ought to be dead but now he is standing beside the table.

CUT TO

CHIUN from REMO'S POV as CHIUN darts towards him. REMO fires and the moment he does so there are two images of CHIUN. One fades as the bullet passes through it to shatter an object directly behind, the other strengthens and keeps coming. The effect is as if CHIUN had been filmed dodging to one side and a few frames of him, just prior to the lateral movement, had been printed wraith-like on the screen.

REMO is always firing just where CHIUN <u>was</u> and CHIUN is covering the ground between them like a supercharged tarantula. REMO gets off three more shots in quick succession but to no avail. Suddenly CHIUN is before him quite impassive.

CUT TO

THE COLT in REMO'S hand. No sooner seen than it is snatched away.

CUT TO

CHIUN with REMO'S COLT leveled at its owner. CHIUN'S jaw tightens. We move in on the COLT. REMO is going to get it. But CHIUN does not squeeze the trigger. Instead, his fingers move with incredible dexterity and speed and ONE-HANDED he releases the magazine from the butt of the COLT and manipulates it so that the four remaining bullets are ejected across the floor. Having disarmed the COLT, CHIUN tosses it and the magazine contemptuously aside.

CUT TO

REMO as it gets through to him what he is up against. But our boy is no slouch in the courage department. He immediately lashes out with his fist.

CHIUN corrects his stance slightly and the blow just misses. A battering ram left and CHIUN sways. The blow shaves his ear. REMO keeps aiming shots and lashes out with a boot for good measure but CHIUN avoids everything with a minimum of effort.

This is no display of high-kicking, hand-chopping karate on CHIUN'S part but rather a mixture of skill, grace and brilliant reflexes in which he makes every blow <u>just</u> miss and moves round the room making REMO look like a jerk. The furniture suffers as REMO starts to breathe heavily and badly mistime his blows and rushes.

CUT TO

EXTERIOR of the brownstone as seen from the street. We hear the muffled crashes as REMO executes the furniture in his desire to get at CHIUN.

CUT TO

REMO showing visible signs of exhaustion. CHIUN is still complacent and completely unscathed. The room is looking a mess.

Now CHIUN begins to take the initiative. As he sways and ripples to avoid REMO'S increasingly desperate lunges his finger suddenly shoots out so fast that we only see it resting for the fraction of a second against REMO'S neck or chest. Though it seems no more than a touch, REMO is obviously hurt. He reacts with a grunt of pain as if to a heavy blow.

A desperate sortie by REMO, a quick one-two to neck and chest from CHIUN and REMO collapses to the floor pained and exhausted. He rests on hands and knees with head bowed, sucking in air noisily. CHIUN is untouched and breathing normally.

A DOOR OPENS. A pair of MEN'S SHOES appear and their owner approaches the scene of the action.

Fingers crumple up a chewing gum wrapper and drop it in an ashtray.

Reveal that the newcomer is MacCLEARY. He looks down at the exhausted REMO without emotion and turns to CHIUN.

MacCLEARY
Well, Chiun?

CHIUN shrugs non-committally.

CHIUN
He is very slow and clumsy, poorly coordinated, in wretched physical condition -

REMO launches himself at CHIUN in a flying tackle from floor level. CHIUN reads the move without ever appearing to look at REMO and moves gracefully aside at the last instant a split second before REMO crashes through a chair and smacks against a heavy desk to K.O. himself. A TELEPHONE is jarred from its rest.

CHIUN
- and impetuous. He moves like a baboon with two club feet. However -
(his expression softens as he gazes down upon the recumbent REMO)
- there is a feeble glint of promise in his eyes. I think I can do something with him.

MacCLEARY
(relieved)
Good.

CHIUN bows graciously and picks up the displaced telephone receiver. When he has replaced it we see that it is upside down.

CUT TO

A DOOR OPENING and REMO, wearing street clothes and carrying a DUFFLE BAG, peering round it cautiously to take in what are clearly new surroundings. A pause and he comes into the SAFEHOUSE. This is where REMO and CHIUN will live and train. At this stage we see what looks like a large loft, virtually unfurnished and more like a gymnasium than a home. CHIUN sits cross-legged and impassive in the middle of the room.

REMO is less than totally at ease but eager to conceal the fact. He looks around for somewhere to put his bag and then dumps it against the wall before approaching CHIUN with a display of relaxed truculence.

REMO
(generous)
O.K. So you caught me with a lucky shot.

He waits for the response that does not come.

REMO
But - I've got to hand it to you - the bullet dodging wasn't bad.

HE makes an unloading gesture with his hand. CHIUN stares impassively.

REMO
And I liked the little number with the gun.

CHIUN
Sit.

REMO is slightly fazed but shrugs and sits cross-legged before CHIUN. The posture does not come easily but at least the ice is broken.

CHIUN
You have come into the care of Chiun, last Master of Sinanju, the sun source of all fighting arts. Before Sinanju all other forms of combat are as an ailing glowworm compared to the rising sun.

REMO is mighty unimpressed by this information.

REMO
Yeah. Great. So, let's start with the bullet dodging routine.

CHIUN
When you have learnt to breathe I will teach you how to walk.

REMO
Breathe?

CHIUN
Silence. A fool chatters whilst a wise man listens. Breathe.

REMO begins to inhale and exhale rapidly. CHIUN is not happy.

CHIUN
Pitiful! I can see the deadly hamburger has done its evil work. We must sweat the poison from your body and rebuild from the extremities. Pull the air into your lungs.

CHIUN demonstrates the timing and REMO reluctantly follows.

CHIUN
As you begin to truly use your body
so you will become its master.

REMO is breathing harder now - really pushing. CHIUN rises in one graceful flowing movement. He thrusts REMO onto his back with deceptive ease. CAMERA moves to CHIUN'S face.

CHIUN
Weapons are cumbersome, fallible
and leave a trace. The well-
trained body is infallible and
leaves no trace.

CUT TO

REMO'S face, sweating with effort.

CUT TO

CHIUN'S head and shoulders as he looks down.

CHIUN
That has been the art of Sinanju
throughout the ages... so breathe...

CUT TO

REMO'S face as his eyes smolder and the sweat drips. He has accepted CHIUN'S challenge and is really digging out the breaths.

PULL BACK slowly to reveal that CHIUN has been standing on REMO'S chest. He speaks calmly.

CHIUN
... breathe... breathe...

SCREEN GOES RED.

We reveal that it is a BALLOON and that REMO is busting a gut to blow every last ounce of air that his lungs possess into it.

REMO'S face is red and contorted with effort. His eyes swivel sideways and what he sees makes the look of suffering on his face increase in intensity.

CUT TO

CHIUN calmly blowing into a BALLOON that he has filled to nearly twice the size of REMO'S. His face shows no trace of effort. As REMO jerks away from his balloon and sucks in air desperately, CHIUN calmly detaches his mouth from his balloon and while still holding it, lets the air escape slowly so that it blows a fart-like raspberry which is a less than eloquent comment on REMO'S efforts.

REMO
(petulant)
Can we do something else?

CHIUN
Place your hands behind your head.

REMO does as he is told and CHIUN promptly kicks him in the crotch with lightning speed. REMO jack-knifes forward.

CHIUN
I did not say keep them there.
(a beat)
Your reflexes are pitiful. No doubt a result of all the filthy poison you have been stuffing into your belly. You know why Americans call it 'fast food' - ? Because it speeds them on their way to the grave.

CHIUN snickers happily at his joke. REMO is still straightening up and and is not amused.

CHIUN
As I feared - you have no sense of humor.

REMO
Try me.

CHIUN
We must develop ways to improve your speed. In all that you do imagine that you are a cat.

REMO
Couldn't I imagine that I'm a rabbit - I might get laid more often.

CHIUN
Pathetic.

(CHIUN and REMO never laugh at each other's jokes.) CHIUN swiftly picks up two BRICKS from a table and holds them behind his back.

CHIUN
Here is an exercise -

CHIUN turns with his back to the table and traps a small rubber ball between the two bricks still behind his back. He turns to face the table so that we see the ball between the bricks.

CHIUN
- place the bricks on the table and catch the ball before it touches the ground - like this.

In a flash the bricks are on the table and CHIUN has stopped to catch the ball between his legs almost at ground level. For a moment his backside presents a tempting target. The sight is not lost on the still-smarting REMO.

REMO
(mock eager)
Boy, that was something. Did you really catch the ball or were you kidding me?

CHIUN sighs and picks up the bricks.

CHIUN
Once more for your slothful eyes. Pay attention!

CHIUN picks up the ball and turns to face the table. REMO takes a step back clearly intending to boot the little creep up the backside when the opportunity presents itself. We move CLOSE IN on REMO.

CHIUN'S VOICE
One, two -

Grim relish from REMO.

CHIUN'S VOICE
- three!

There is a yelp of pain - from REMO. Reveal that the masterly CHIUN has spun round to catch REMO'S kicking foot between the two bricks.

CHIUN
(contemptuous)
The seasons move faster. Here...

He thrusts the bricks into REMO'S hands. REMO looks as if he would like to wrap them round CHIUN'S head. CHIUN picks up what might be a carving board.

CHIUN
Now - observe the exquisite craftmanship of my homeland -

He brandishes the board.

CHIUN
- a Korean Finger Board.

REMO
I thought you were Chinese.

CHIUN reacts with a cry of pained rage.

CHIUN
Chinese!? Would you profane a panther with the name of polecat. The Korean is the most perfect creature ever to sanctify the earth with the imprint of his foot. By comparison the Chinese are vermin. They go to bed with their own sisters.

REMO
That's not so bad. The Americans go to bed with anybody's sister.

REMO receives a painful jab from CHIUN'S lightning forefinger.

CHIUN
Your banter could become tedious.

He holds out the Finger Board.

CHIUN
Now concentrate. When you have achieved perfection with the brick exercise, commence to tap your fingers against the Finger Board. Slowly at first and then increasing the force of the blow.

CHIUN demonstrates with individual fingers and then two, three and four fingers. The board gives out an agreeable ringing sound.

CHIUN
With time, your nails will become hard, your fingers strong.

Set along the top of the board are a row of embedded screws. Using the nail of his forefinger as a screwdriver, CHIUN calmly unscrews the screw a few turns. WE hear the dry creak of the wood. That screw sure is well-embedded. CHIUN screws it down. He holds the board out to REMO.

CHIUN
Keep it near you at all times - hang it on the wall.

REMO takes the board in his hand and turns it over. It is smooth on both sides with no attachment to assist hanging.

REMO
How?

CHIUN takes the board back. A quick tap from his forefinger and there is a noise like a pistol shot. CHIUN withdraws his finger from the top of the board where it has punched a neat hole. He hands the board back to REMO.

CHIUN
Find a nail.

CUT TO

CLOSE-UP OF SMITH'S SPECTACLES with the changing reflections of electronic text print-outs distorting them in the half-light of evening.

It is dusk and MacCLEARY is a dark silhouette looking out of the window as New York begins to light itself for the night.

SMITH speaks as he studies the screen.

SMITH
What news from Chiun?

MacCLEARY turns and advances to join SMITH. One senses an intimacy born of long acquaintance between the two men.

MacCLEARY
He says it's too early to make an evaluation.

SMITH
I recall him saying the same thing about you.

MacCLEARY smiles ruefully.

MacCLEARY
Yeah, and now I'm about to retire and he's still going strong.

SMITH'S eyes never waiver from the TV SCREEN.

SMITH
Can you still dodge bullets?

MacCLEARY
Only if they come real slow.

CUT TO

SMITH smiling a rare smile. His expression changes as a flashing symbol suddenly appears in a corner of the TV SCREEN.

SMITH
That's interesting.
(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)
Somebody's trying to enter a circuit I marked for surveillance.

CAMERA CLOSES ON SMITH'S FINGERS as they flow over the keys.

DISSOLVE TO

GRACEFUL FEMALE FINGERS activating a COMPUTER KEYBOARD. Pull back to reveal that they belong to MAJOR RAYNER FLEMING, an attractive, intelligent woman in her early thirties whose femininity is barely dented by the military uniform she is wearing.

We are in an ARMY COMPUTER POOL where THREE UNIFORMED OPERATIVES are installed before COMPUTERS. One of them, handsome LIEUTENANT FOX in his mid-twenties, is standing aside to give RAYNER access to an impressive INVENTORY WEAPON TESTING FLOW CHART. He is clearly more interested in the charms of his superior officer than in what she is doing.

RAYNER makes an exclamation of exasperation.

FOX
What's the matter?

RAYNER
I can't get what I'm looking for.

FOX
I hate to hear you say that.

RAYNER dampens FOX with a glance and continues to activate the keyboard.

RAYNER
Why should the specifications of the AR-60 be restricted?

FOX
Maybe there's a mistake.

He gently squeezes RAYNER'S elbow so that he can move her to one side and activate the computer. Again, he is making no attempt to conceal his feelings.

FOX
Allow me.

FOX punches some keys with practiced cool.

CUT TO

COMPUTER SCREEN. We read INFORMATION NOT AVAILABLE - CHECK CLASSIFICATION flashing intermittently.

CUT TO

RAYNER sighs.

FOX
Do I sense frustration?

RAYNER
You must be an expert.

FOX extends a hand towards the keyboard. His eyes are still on RAYNER.

FOX
If I continued to stroke these little keys...

RAYNER
You might stunt your growth.

She starts to move away.

RAYNER
No, lieutenant, I'll seek satisfaction elsewhere.

She is gone pursued by FOX'S admiring eyes.

CUT TO

RAYNER emerging into long artificially lit corridor which might be underground. A few steps and she is approaching two immaculately-dressed MILITARY POLICEMEN on guard outside another office. The MEN snap to attention. RAYNER acknowledges their salute.

CUT TO

GENERAL WATSON looking up from his desk as RAYNER enters his office. He is a handsome, craggily-built man in his mid-fifties. He looks solid and dependable.

The office is furnished in severe military style with bald eagle and crossed Stars and Stripes behind the desk. RAYNER salutes smartly. GENERAL WATSON acknowledges her with studied casualness.

GENERAL WATSON
Major Fleming.

RAYNER
General, I have a problem. The computer is withholding the specifications of the new AR-60 Rifle.

GENERAL WATSON
You know what I think about those computers.

RAYNER
Sir, it's not a malfunction.

GENERAL WATSON
Maybe the specs aren't available.

RAYNER
The weapon is being tested at Fort Baxter next week. They must be available.
(a beat)
General, I'm the Senior Weapons Analyst on this post. I should have access to that information and this isn't the first time it's happened, sir. Just recently there was the F.R.I. Anti-Tank Mine and -

He glances at his watch. This is becoming tedious.

GENERAL WATSON
Right, we have a problem. Just give me a full report and -

RAYNER
With your permission, sir. I'd like to go to Fort Baxter for the test. I want to see the AR-60 in action.

GENERAL WATSON takes a deep breath but his composure is not threatened.

GENERAL WATSON
Of course. You have a job to do.
(a beat)
But Rayner, a word of advice. Never feel you have to <u>overdo</u> it, you know what I mean?

He smiles a patronizing smile.

GENERAL WATSON
It makes no difference to me that you're a woman.

RAYNER
That's good news, sir.

She starts to turn and then faces GENERAL WATSON squarely.

RAYNER
And if it's any reassurance -
it makes no difference to me
that you're a man.

RAYNER goes out. GENERAL WATSON twiddles the silver pencil in his fingers. There is a thoughtful expression on his face.

CUT TO

REMO'S HAND snapping down on the KOREAN FINGER BOARD as it projects over the side of a work surface of the KITCHEN in the SAFEHOUSE he shares with CHIUN. It is night.

The finger board leaps in the air and REMO snaps it up and begins to dart his finger against it like a maddened woodpecker, faster than the eye can see so that the ringing sound is almost continuous.

The exercise completed, REMO begins to turn the board through his two forefingers in a pedalling motion and then tosses it up behind his back and catches it over his shoulder.

There is considerable grace and dexterity in what he does. Also, a sense of killing time.

Eyeing a nail protruding from the wall, REMO carefully tosses the finger board. The board nearly snags the nail but trembles and starts to fall to the floor.

REMO'S foot flashes out and he catches the board on his instep. He flicks it up, catches it, and replaces it on the nail.

Flexing his fingers, REMO approaches the large REFRIGERATOR and pulls open the door. He clearly does not like what he sees.

CUT TO

INTERIOR OF REFRIGERATOR with every shelf empty.

CUT TO

A DISGRUNTLED REMO turning his attention to the door of the REFRIGERATOR where TWO EGGS rest on a shelf rack. REMO picks up the eggs and heads for the door.

CUT TO

REMO walking down dimly lit corridor of safehouse. As he moves we hear a MAN'S VOICE speaking with great sincerity.

MAN'S VOICE
I'm sorry, Jim, I've got to level with you - that leg's got to come off.

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE
(horrified)
No! I was going to be an All-American.

CUT TO

REMO entering large, spartan living room of safehouse. It is night and the curtains are drawn.

CHIUN sits cross-legged on the floor totally absorbed by a soap of the most maudlin kind. The TELEVISION SET is pulled away from the wall to command a key position in the center of the room.

MAN'S VOICE
Now you can be an All-American for courage.

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE
Does Mom know?

REMO is taking in the scene with incredulous distaste. He starts to bounce the eggs off his biceps, projecting them forward to catch them again.

CHIUN holds up a silencing hand. He does not want to miss a word.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
That's something else I've got to tell you.

REMO
(irritated)
What are you watching?

CHIUN
Your country's one undeniable contribution to the arts. All that is noblest in the human spirit encapsulated in a work of such poignant simplicity that it steeps the emotions in life-enhancing beauty.

REMO stares at the screen incredulously.

REMO
It's a soap.

CHIUN
Sssh! You will spoil it.

REMO
It's pre-spoiled.
(a beat)
Look, are you going to sit there all night watching that crap? Do you know what's in the 'fridge?

Ruffled, CHIUN makes to switch off the set and the sound soars wildly before he turns the knob in the right direction. Once again we perceive that he is out of his depth with anything mechanical.

CHIUN rises swiftly and gracefully and faces REMO who holds out the eggs accusingly.

REMO
Two lousy eggs.

He drops the eggs on his biceps and contemptuously jerks them forward. Whoosh! Faster than the eye can see, CHIUN sweeps out a hand and both eggs have disappeared before REMO can catch them.

CHIUN
Silence!

REMO stares at the hand that has moved with such incredible speed. CHIUN opens it and it contains the two undamaged eggs. Bemused, REMO takes them.

CHIUN
You would be better employed honing your pathetic skills than whining about your belly. Remember, perfection is a road not a destination.

REMO
I hate it when you talk like a walking fortune cookie - ouch!

There is a sharp crack when CHIUN'S chiding finger flashes against REMO'S shoulder. Luckily - as REMO discovers - the crack is caused by the two eggs in his hand breaking as he contracts his fingers. Nevertheless, REMO cannot move his arm and leg and egg is dripping to the floor. He is not happy.

REMO
What the hell have you done!?

CHIUN
Nerve ends, pressure, manipulation. Techniques developed since the birth of time by the most gifted race on Earth.

He unlocks REMO'S arm with another touch. REMO massages it in relief.

CHIUN
And they expect me to teach a nation of barbarians.

He shrugs.

CHIUN
Nevertheless I will persevere. I have taken the Emperor Smith's gold and a Korean's word is his bond.

REMO
Did any of that gold go on food? It must be eight o'clock - I haven't eaten all day.

CHIUN
One and half minutes past. The trained mind does not need a clock. Watches are a confidence trick invented by the Swiss.

CHIUN leads the way to a place setting on a table at the far end of the room.

CHIUN
And cease your sniveling. I have prepared your meal.

REMO stares from the lonely EGG CUP in the middle of the place setting to the remains of the broken eggs still dripping from between his fingers.

REMO
One egg?

CHIUN
Rice.

CHIUN empties a pathetic little mound of rice from the egg cup.

REMO
(incensed)
I'm not going to eat that crap.

CHIUN
(calm)
When there is nothing else you will begin to look forward to it.

CUT TO

A HIDEOUS MONGOL FACE WEARING A HELMET filling the screen. A burst of automatic fire and half the face is blasted away.

We see that the face is a pop-up target and that a squad of SOLDIERS wearing combat uniform and carrying avant-garde automatic rifles (AR-60's) are advancing through thickly-wooded swamps.

CAMERA favors PRIVATE DAMICO as he looks about him warily. He has black, smudged cheeks and a helmet and we can see clearly the cumbersome barrel of the AR-60 as he holds it across his chest. His face is young and innocent. He seems to be in the wrong business.

As he moves forward stealthily, other MEMBERS of the squad come into view spaced out around him.

ZOOM THROUGH TREES TO

RAYNER wearing combat uniform as she follows the exercise in the company of a hard-faced CAPTAIN and a RADIO OPERATOR. She addresses the CAPTAIN in a low voice as they wade through the creeper-hung trees.

RAYNER
How much further, Captain?

CAPTAIN
It's nearly over, Major. The range ends at the bayou.

CUT TO

The swamp ahead from DAMICO'S POV. CAMERA moves forward. A SECOND POP-UP TARGET springs out from behind a tree.

CUT TO

DAMICO firing a burst of automatic fire and crying out in pain. He winces and examines the barrel of his rifle.

The housing is loose and the barrel so hot he can barely touch it. In CLOSE-UP we see that the metal is not secure.

A SECOND YOUNG SOLDIER, JOHNSON, approaches DAMICO.

JOHNSON
Okay, Jerry?

DAMICO
(without conviction)
Yeah.

A tough-faced SERGEANT moves by and nudges DAMICO roughly with the butt of his RIFLE. He speaks softly and urgently.

SERGEANT
Move it!

DAMICO does as he is told.

CUT TO

DAMICO'S FACE as he moves through the swamp. His large soft eyes show fear. He is sweating. He looks down uneasily towards the AR-60 in his hands.

CUT TO

DAMICO seen through trees as he approaches CAMERA flanked by other members of the PATROL. At ground level before him we see the barely discernible outline of a pop-up target waiting to be sprung.

CUT TO

DAMICO, tense, uneasy, vulnerable as he moves forward.

CUT TO

RAYNER, absorbed, as she follows the exercise.

THE SWAMP AHEAD as CAMERA moves forward stealthily. A terrifying screech and another hideous target pops up from an unexpected angle.

CUT TO

DAMICO UNDERCRANKED as he raises his weapon to the firing position and pulls the trigger. The barrel housing disintegrates and his head jerks back with the debris.

CUT TO

DAMICO hitting the shallow water shoulders first. For an instant we glimpse the piece of metal that is protruding from his eye like a broken arrow.

CUT TO

RAYNER, CAPTAIN AND RADIO OPERATOR as they splash through the swamp.

CUT TO

JOHNSON bending over DAMICO'S motionless body as CAPTAIN arrives on the scene with RADIO OPERATOR. RAYNER remains discretely in background as SERGEANT and other SOLDIERS group around the slain DAMICO.

JOHNSON turns. There are tears in his eyes. He is shaking as he pulls himself to his feet and snatches up the remains of DAMICO'S RIFLE. His voice is breaking with emotion as he addresses CAPTAIN.

JOHNSON
This new rifle, sir! I want to tell you something, sir! It's fuckin' useless, sir!

CAPTAIN
You're way out of line, soldier.

JOHNSON
(screaming)
He was my buddy!

He drops to his knees and covers his face with his hands as he starts to sob.

PAN TO

RAYNER standing a few yards away. There is compassion in her eyes as she looks towards the sobbing JOHNSON. She gazes about her and stoops to pick up a piece of the shattered barrel housing from the shallow water. She examines it thoughtfully and then raises her eyes to the AR-60 held by another SOLDIER.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on it.

CUT TO

FLASH! A CAMERA FLASHLIGHT GOES OFF and GEORGE S. GROVE is revealed posing with a MIDDLE-AGED SCOUTMASTER and a TROOP OF CUB AND BOY SCOUTS. One of the SCOUTS holds the Stars and Stripes, another a scout flag. GROVE is handing over a check to the SCOUTMASTER and there is an intimation of heroic grandeur about the tableau that breaks up immediately after the photograph has been taken.

GROVE is an athletic, dynamic man in his early fifties. The photograph is being taken on the steps of the Capitol Building in Washington D.C.

SCOUTMASTER
Thank you, Mr. Grove.

GROVE is already moving down the steps as he delivers a 'sincere' two-handed handshake of farewell.

GROVE
My pleasure. Any time.

An impressive LIMOUSINE waits at the bottom of the steps with engine running and WILSON, GROVE'S forty-five year old distinguished aide, waiting by the open door.

As GROVE approaches WILSON the mask of goodwill drops. His voice is testy.

GROVE
No more boy scouts.

GROVE hurries into the limousine. WILSON is speaking to himself before he stoops and follows.

WILSON
(resignedly)
Yes, George.

CUT TO

GROVE and WILSON in back of spacious limousine as it glides down Pennsylvania Avenue. Outside is the capitol of the most powerful nation on earth, beautiful and imposing.

A TELEPHONE rings and WILSON answers it.

WILSON
(into telephone)
Yes?

There is a pause before he hands the telephone to GROVE.

WILSON
It's Scott.

GROVE takes the receiver without great enthusiasm.

GROVE
(curt)
Yes.

CUT TO

GENERAL WATSON wearing tennis gear and with a towel around his neck. He is telephoning from the LOCKER ROOM of the Arlington Racquet Club.

In the background we can glimpse well-heeled men working out in a well-equipped gym and through a window we see rows of well-tended tennis courts and a busy swimming pool. It looks very affluent as WATSON pauses while a uniformed ATTENDANT goes by dropping off towels.

GENERAL WATSON
We have a problem.

CUT TO

GROVE in limousine.

GROVE
(cutting)
I will decide when I have a problem, Scott.

CUT TO

GENERAL WATSON at Racquet Club.

GENERAL WATSON
A soldier has just been killed by your new AR-60.

CUT TO

GROVE in limousine.

GROVE
That's what they get paid for.

GENERAL WATSON'S VOICE
It blew up in his face, George. I've got the report on my desk. There'll have to be an inquiry.

GROVE
Lose the report.

CUT TO

GENERAL WATSON at the Racquet Club.

GENERAL WATSON
I can't do that.

CUT TO

GROVE in limousine. He speaks with chilling finality.

GROVE
You can! You have! You will!

GENERAL WATSON'S VOICE
But -

GROVE
Listen to me, Watson. Uncle Sam gave you your uniform. Just about everything else you own comes from me.
(a pause)
Bury that report.

GROVE hands the receiver to WILSON who replaces it as the limousine approaches an impressive block of offices with the Stars and Stripes fluttering proudly over the entrance.

The words GROVE CORPORATION are clearly visible.

Adjacent to the building is a huge billboard depicting a clenched fist encircled by the American flag brandishing a rifle and bearing the slogan AMERICA STRONG, AMERICA FREE - THE GROVE CORPORATION.

GROVE gazes at the billboard and for the first time his features soften into something approaching genuine pleasure.

CUT TO

CHIUN is standing on a low brick wall. The foliage of a tree intrudes into the shot. His face is stern.

CHIUN
What are you waiting for?

CUT TO

REMO, wearing track suit bottom, gym shirt and sneakers, runs across and jumps up beside CHIUN but without his usual uninhibited ease of movement.

CUT TO

CHIUN stares disapprovingly into REMO'S eyes. REMO returns his gaze with a mixture of apprehension and anger.

CHIUN
(sharply)
Follow!

He turns sideways and starts to run.

CUT TO

We now see the cause of REMO'S concern. CHIUN is running like a mountain goat along the narrow parapet of a chillingly high SKYSCRAPER.

Far below cars dawdle like lazy ants.

CHIUN reaches the corner, nimbly makes a right angle to follow the parapet. He stops and faces REMO.

CUT TO

REMO draws deep into his reservoir of guts and starts to follow.

CUT TO

THE PARAPET from REMO'S POV. With him we experience the terrifying sensation of sheer drop.

CHIUN'S VOICE
Faster.

The corner looms up so REMO appears to be running in space. We look down and our stomachs swirl. REMO comes to a faltering halt, the wind blowing through his hair, his expression rattled.

CHIUN
Do you want to fall?

REMO
(angry)
That's a dumb question!

CHIUN
Answer it!

REMO
(shouting)
No! I don't want to fall!

CHIUN
Then do not let your body rule your mind.

REMO is still waivering on the brink of that fearful drop.

CHIUN
Purge your mind of fear and believe in yourself. Without that belief I can do nothing with you.

CUT TO

REMO and CHIUN seen from below, silhouetted figures as they move across a hopeful sky. CHIUN'S VOICE comes to us faintly from above.

CHIUN
Better...

CUT TO

REMO running up to join CHIUN.

CHIUN'S VOICE
Better...I begin to feel it...

Slowly the tension is easing from REMO'S face and is replaced by confidence.

CHIUN'S VOICE
Now, we will do it again -
(a beat)
- but faster.

CUT TO

THE NAME 'WATSON' being inscribed on a WALL CHART setting out the progress of an Army Tennis Tournament. We see the crossed tennis racquets heading on the chart as a satisfied GENERAL WATSON stands in his office and inserts his name as one of the finalists.

RAYNER'S VOICE
Sir.

The satisfaction drains from GENERAL WATSON'S face. That tiresome woman again. He starts to speak before he turns.

GENERAL WATSON
Major Fleming. What have you got for me today?

The question is rhetorical. GENERAL WATSON is slightly taken back when RAYNER holds up a piece of metal.

RAYNER
A fragment of barrel housing from the AR-60 that exploded. I've run a test on it. The metal doesn't conform to specification.

GENERAL WATSON takes the piece of metal.

GENERAL WATSON
That's disturbing. We must contact the manufacturer. That's - ?

He appears to have forgotten who the manufacturer is.

RAYNER
The Grove Corporation. With respect, sir, I think it's a little more than disturbing. A soldier died. And this isn't the first faulty weapon we've received from Grove. A full-scale inquiry is in order, sir.

GENERAL WATSON
Rayner, I don't want to minimize your concern but there is such a thing as statistical error. If the Grove Corporation supplied us with six million eggs we wouldn't initiate an inquiry if six of them turned out to be bad.

RAYNER
With equal respect, sir. I don't think that chickens lay to Defense Department specifications. And metal doesn't go bad. It's made bad.

GENERAL WATSON clearly does not care for this but he controls himself.

GENERAL WATSON
Very well, Major. You've made your point.

He holds up the piece of metal and RAYNER moves to take it. As she does so, GENERAL WATSON draws it back.

GENERAL WATSON
Let me keep this. I'll see it goes with the rest of the report.

CUT TO

A TRAVEL BROCHURE. MacCLEARY is thumbing through it in SMITH'S OFFICE.

MacCLEARY
Maybe I'll take a cruise.

SMITH is toying with his computer. His eyes are on the screen as he speaks.

SMITH
Supplement your pension with a rich widow.
(a pause)
Major Rayner Fleming.

MacCLEARY looks up in puzzlement. Is SMITH suggesting a candidate for his hand?

SMITH
Entry key 34XB. The young lady who was trying to tap into that Grove circuit.

MacCLEARY
What's she up to?

SMITH
Just doing her job by the looks of it. But this is the wrong moment for somebody to start making waves.

MacCLEARY
So you've made up your mind about our Mr. Grove?

SMITH
Not quite. There's still something that puzzles me.

MacCLEARY has moved behind SMITH. He reads from the T.V. SCREEN:

H.A.R.P. - INFORMATION WITHHELD

MacCLEARY
What's HARP?

SMITH
A new defense system being developed by the Grove Corporation.

MacCLEARY
So why is the information blocked?

SMITH switches off the computer and moves towards a small REFRIGERATOR tucked away against the wall.

SMITH
I don't know.

MacCLEARY
(incredulous)
Come on!

SMITH
Nobody knows.

SMITH takes a small bottle of PERRIER WATER from the REFRIGERATOR and holds it against his cheek to test the temperature.

SMITH
All access to the information has been blocked.

SMITH approaches an INTERIOR WINDOW BOX that contains MINIATURE JAPANESE TREES. He starts to water them with the PERRIER taking great care that each receives an equal amount.

SMITH
Strange isn't it? All that information locked away inside the computer yet nobody can get to it. I wonder why?

SMITH lets the empty PERRIER BOTTLE drop from his fingers like a bomb into the waster paper basket.

MacCLEARY
Maybe we should take a look -
(a beat)
- in person.

SMITH'S expression suggests interest in the idea. MacCLEARY tosses his TRAVEL BROCHURE on SMITH'S desk.

MacCLEARY
I can take a cruise any time.

DISSOLVE TO

REMO'S MUSCULAR BROWN LEGS driving up a steep slope of pure white sand. His tired feet are sinking into the sand and we hear his grunts and pants as the pain gets through to him. We hear too CHIUN'S hectoring, derisive voice.

CHIUN'S VOICE
Pitiful! Run on the sand - not into it. Your feet should barely touch the surface...

REMO stumbles as he comes level with CHIUN and we look down past him to the considerable distance already covered from an empty beach. It is marked by deep footprints in the sand. The sun dazzles.

REMO wears a pair of beach shorts and his body is lean and hard and brown. It glistens with sweat and as he stares down at the sand sweat pours from his face like water. He looks all in. CHIUN'S VOICE comes again, suddenly much further away.

CHIUN'S VOICE
... like this.

REMO raises his exhausted, sweat-bathed face.

CUT TO

CHIUN from REMO'S POV. He stands, in tunic and trousers, halfway up an enormous pyramid of sand which scratches the blue, blue sky. The footprints that lead to his position from REMO'S dugout are mere dimples in the sand. He must have covered the ground like an Olympic champion to be where he is now. He is fifty yards up the slope from REMO.

CUT TO

CHIUN'S HEAD barking orders. There is no trace of sweat of spent effort.

CHIUN
Move you pathetic piece of pig's ear! Drive yourself! Go!

CUT TO

REMO gritting his teeth. We feel that he would like to get at CHIUN and wring his neck.

CHIUN'S VOICE
Reject anger - it saps competence.
(MORE)

CHIUN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Move! Flow! Pitiful! I have seen pregnant yaks with more grace. On your toes!

GAMELY, REMO continues up the slope. He is not going to be beaten. As he moves, his feet seem to make less contact with the deep sand.

DISSOLVE TO

REMO'S FEET as he runs along the flat beach by the edge of the sea. He wears a different pair of shorts. There are hardly any waves and the water glistens appetizingly.

CHIUN'S VOICE
(less hectoring)
Be the master of your environment not its slave - believe! Your will is greater than a few grains of sand - rise above them -

We see the rage and manic effort fade from REMO'S face as he begins to believe. Desperation gives way to confidence. The head goes back, the chin juts out. As THE DESTROYER theme starts to build, REMO'S face takes on a new sense of purpose.

CHIUN'S VOICE
Pick up your feet - flow - float -

REMO'S LEGS UNDERCRANKED. With each pace the imprint of his feet on the sand starts to diminish. He is doing what CHIUN wants, his feet barely touching the sand.

CHIUN
Better - now climb!

CUT TO

A STEEP, JAGGED CLIFF FACE that from our POV seems like a wall. REMO leaves the beach and starts to run up it with the nimbleness of a mountain goat. He zig-zags towards the summit without diminishing his speed, finding footholds that we cannot see and rarely touching the face with his hands. As the CAMERA jumps back he seems like an insect on a window pane.

CUT TO

REMO appearing over the edge of the cliff with nothing but blue sky behind him. He is sweating but in control.

CHIUN is waiting and immediately trots across the narrow headland.

CHIUN
Come.

What seems like another cliff edge looms up.

CHIUN
Now - down!

Without hesitation, REMO runs over the edge.

CUT TO

REMO descending a very steep hillside that from above looks almost perpendicular. There is some foliage on the slope, also the occasional boulder and jutting tree branch. REMO descends at breakneck speed, sliding, jumping, rolling, twisting in midair like a cat - but always in control. As a small avalanche of stones and rocks builds about him he flops over boulders and drops to land sitting on a protruding branch before doing a back flip to land on his feet and continue beachwards.

CHIUN watches this remarkable display impassively.

CUT TO

REMO outstripping the avalanche that has built about him and running from the foot of the hillside towards a dune ridge that rises sharply before him like a wall.

REMO dives into the sand as if it was a wave and disappears.

CUT TO

THE FAR SIDE OF THE DUNE falling steeply. A couple of seconds and REMO bursts through the sand, folds himself in a ball to roll down the steep slope, picks himself up and keeps running. CHIUN unleashes a small involuntary exclamation that might just be approval.

CUT TO

TWO LINES OF WEATHER-BEATEN POSTS that rise in a parabola across a steep-banked river that flows into the ocean. These are the remains of a bridge. The gap between them is never less than six feet.

Using the posts like stepping stones, REMO leaps from one to the other with alternate feet without checking his motion as he clears the gap.

CHIUN watches and winces disapprovingly when REMO nearly misses his footing before recovering his balance.

CUT TO

A SMALL BEACH HOUSE, boarded up and abandoned, sand piling up against the walls. Vandals have scrawled graffiti on a sheet of corrugated iron nailed across the door.

REMO faces up to the corrugated iron and his arm snakes out - one, two, three. Holes are ripped in the metal by his lethal finger.

REMO runs on as CHIUN approaches the door. His arm flashes out to make contact with a door jamb. For a couple of seconds it seems that nothing has happened. Then the whole building collapses.

CUT TO

A FLOCK OF SEA GULLS on the beach as REMO sprints towards them, his feet making no imprint as they skim over the sand.

THE SEA GULLS lift into the air and REMO emerges from the flock, still running, his hands behind his back.

His hands swing forward into view and TWO SEA GULLS are released into the air.

CUT TO

A HUGE BONFIRE BLAZING on the vast, empty sweep of the beach. REMO run towards it - and into it.

CUT TO

REMO, UNDERCRANKED, as he emerges unscathed from the far side of the bonfire. Burning brands soar slowly and dramatically through the air as the bonfire collapses and REMO keeps running. THE DESTROYER theme swells.

CHIUN stands on a nearby dune and watches impassively as REMO runs into the sea. His sweaty, glistening, triumphant body broaches the first wave and he swims like a porpoise - arms and legs together, the body oscillating through the water. He heads towards the horizon with the gulls wheeling and the MUSIC bathing the visuals in WINNER!

CUT TO

CHIUN, watching the scene phlegmatically. MacCLEARY is revealed standing beside him. He looks impressed.

MacCLEARY
Congratulations, Chiun.

CHIUN inclines his head graciously.

CHIUN
Bearing in mind that nature snubbed him cruelly by denying Korean birth, I am not entirely dissatisfied.

MacCLEARY
Good. When will he be ready?

CHIUN
Ahead of time I think.

MacCLEARY
Excellent. That means?

CHIUN
Fifteen years.

MacCLEARY
Fifteen years!?

CHIUN
If I cut a few corners - fourteen and a half.

MacCLEARY recovers fast.

MacCLEARY
Chiun, I'm going to need him tonight.

CUT TO

THE HEADLIGHTS of a TRUCK approaching down a long dirt road. It is night and the truck is not moving fast. The dirt road is flanked by trees and undergrowth and we can glimpse a high wire fence through the foliage.

The truck approaches CAMERA and goes past. As it does so we read GROVE CORPORATION -- MARYVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA printed on its side. When the truck has gone, CAMERA pans slowly into the shadows near the wire fence. We pick up two pairs of boots waiting in the darkness.

CAMERA rises to reveal REMO and MacCLEARY in low key paramilitary gear as they listen to the sound of the truck disappearing. MacCLEARY leads the way and the two men move stealthily towards the high barbed wire fence.

A weather-beaten sign shows a skull with the words DANGER KEEP OUT! -- GROVE CORPORATION.

THE TWO MEN approach the gleaming wire of the fence. There is a pause while they study it and then MacCLEARY produces a pair of WIRE CUTTERS. His hand moves out but REMO stays it.

We move in on the wire as we hear a barely audible hum. The fence is electrified.

MacCLEARY changes the wire cutters from one hand to the other and then calmly grips the wire with a gloved hand.

There is a flash and flames play around the glove scorching the leather.

REMO winces but MacCLEARY seems impervious as he withdraws his smoking hand. REMO is awestruck.

REMO
(sotto voce)
Did Chiun teach you that?

MacCLEARY starts to pull back his sleeve.

MacCLEARY
No, an anti-personnel mine in Korea.

We see that MacCLEARY has an artificial arm and a mechanical hand. He sets to with the wire cutters in his artificial hand and the electricity flickers and splutters.

CUT TO

Fifty yards of waste ground separating the electric fence from the plant, a grim, old four-story FACTORY.

Pools of light from shaded overhead bulbs at regular intervals illuminate the red brick masonry and iron work. A service road littered with crates, forklift trucks etc. leads to the ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS in the distance.

CUT TO

REMO and MacCLEARY emerging through the gap cut in the fence.

MacCLEARY
See you back here.

REMO nods and moves easily towards the shadows of the factory as MacCLEARY heads for the administration building.

CUT TO

REMO rounding a corner into the center courtyard of the factory. He takes in the iron galleries running around each floor as in a deserted prison. He turns and freezes.

A HUGE GERMAN SHEPHERD in midair, jaws slavering, teeth gleaming, its killer face a nightmare - on target for REMO.

CUT TO

REMO dodging with Sinanju speed as the DOG sails past him. Three lightning steps and REMO launches himself at the underside of the gallery above. He gains a handhold and starts to swing his legs up as the dog hurtles back to take a hold on his ankle.

REMO tears free and swings his legs up.

CUT TO

TWO MORE DOGS bounding onto the scene and the TRIO leaping up at REMO as he hauls himself up and over the balustrade onto the FIRST FLOOR GALLERY.

CUT TO

REMO straightening up looking down at his attackers. CHIUN never mentioned dogs.

CUT TO

THE THREE, BLACK MENACING DOGS staring up at REMO evilly. Curiously, they do not bark. Suddenly, as if on a signal, they separate. One races away to the far side of the courtyard, the other two turn and run parallel to the GALLERIES.

CUT TO

REMO'S PUZZLED FACE. He turns to look in the direction the TWO DOGS have taken and registers alarm.

CUT TO

THE TWO DOGS leaping and seizing the metal bar at the bottom of a FIRE ESCAPE ladder giving access to the gallery above. One hangs on gamely but its weight is not sufficient to bring the ladder down until it is joined by its companion. For a few seconds they dangle in space. Then the ladder starts to come down.

CUT TO

WORRIED REMO as he looks across the courtyard. FIRST DOG is pounding up a flight of steps that lead to the first floor gallery. These dogs are smart.

CUT TO

TWO DOGS rushing up the fire escape towards REMO.

CUT TO

FIRST DOG racing round the gallery towards REMO.

CUT TO

REMO jumps onto the railing in front of him, balances precariously. Then leaps and hauls himself up the next gallery.

CUT TO

REMO breathing hard as he appears over the side of the top gallery.

Now there is only a brick wall leading to the roof above him.

Tense, REMO freezes and listens. Nothing. Where are the dogs? Speedily he runs to a heavy metal door. It is locked. Something makes him turn.

CUT TO

THE TWO DOGS BOUNDING UP THE STAIRCASE to REMO'S gallery. They thunder towards him.

CUT TO

REMO'S apprehensive face. This is it.

CUT TO

THE TWO DOGS coming on like hounds from hell. They skid to a scrabbling halt as REMO swings AN IRON BARRED GATE used to divide the gallery in two in their faces.

REMO slams home a couple of bolts as snarling snouts thrust through the bars eager to rip off his fingers.

REMO turns. More problems. FIRST DOG is silently streaking round the upper gallery towards him.

REMO hesitates and then takes to the wall. Grim-faced he starts to climb.

CUT TO

FIRST DOG arriving to launch itself at REMO. This time it just misses his rising foot.

CUT TO

REMO moving smoothly up the wall in good Sinanju style.

CUT TO

FIRST DOG waiting patiently, fangs bared.

CUT TO

REMO, sweating, nearly at the flat roof above. He reaches up and - ouch! Two sets of slavering fangs lunge at his hand.

CUT TO

THE TWO DOGS on the roof desperately trying to get at REMO.

CUT TO

A horrified REMO checking the barred gate. Yes, there are no dogs there. The savage faces above lunge at him.

CUT TO

FIRST DOG standing up against the wall eager to get at REMO.

CUT TO

REMO'S splayed fingers slipping as the brickwork crumbles. Desperately he edges sideways.

CUT TO

REMO'S FOOT making contact with the ledge of a grimy factory window. We hear a HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAKING NOISE. SLOWLY and fearfully, REMO inclines his head to look down.

CUT TO

THREE TERRIFIED RATS running backwards and forwards along the window ledge.

One of them runs up inside REMO'S trouser leg.

CUT TO

REMO'S FACE combining fear, horror, rage and disgust. He lets out a scream and leaps sideways to launch himself through the window into the interior of the FACTORY.

CUT TO

REMO'S BODY bursting through glass into the factory. He lands on his feet still crying out in his disgust and stamps his foot while tearing open the front of his pants. A squeaking rat leaps from his fly and flees across the floor.

REMO slumps against the wall his face showing what he has been through.

CUT TO

FEET moving cautiously across a floor. Reveal MacCLEARY popping a stick of gum in his mouth. He moving through the deserted ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

CUT TO

REMO making his way through the factory. He passes an ACCESS FORBIDDEN sign and goes up some stairs.

CUT TO

REMO warily approaching door marked H.A.R.P. DEVELOPMENT - STRICTLY NO ENTRY. He listens and tries the handle. Locked.

CUT TO

POW! With Sinanju speed and economy of movement REMO jerks his elbow into a panel. There is sharp crack and a hole appears.

CUT TO

THE TWO DOGS ON ROOF reacting to the sound.

CUT TO

REMO entering ROOM via forced door. With him we see the ghostly opaque surface of an EIGHT FOOT CUBE.

He steps forward and we glimpse the outline of a piece of high-tech machinery barely visible behind its semi-transparent cover.

CUT TO

REMO as a shadow passes across his face. He looks up in alarm.

CUT TO

THE SKYLIGHT in the ROOF above REMO. The TWO DOGS muzzle the glass.

REMO starting to turn away. He stops, alerted to something. High up in the ceiling near the skylight is the BARREL LENS of a MAGIC EYE CAMERA. It is pointed directly at REMO.

We see the alarm on REMO'S face and then the BARREL LENS jerks sideways to point at the heart of the CUBE. Its end glows danger RED and there is a reciprocal RED GLOW from the heart of the CUBE. An auto-destruct mechanism in the CUBE has been triggered off and before a horrified REMO can move, a brilliant light flashes inside its walls and flames soar to engulf the high-tech machinery. The walls start to melt and the machinery blazes uncontrollably. An ALARM rings out.

CUT TO

REMO illuminated by flames as he launches himself at a SHUTTERED WINDOW.

CUT TO

THE MAIN FACTORY GATE as THREE UNIFORMED GUARDS react to the sound of the explosion and a WAILING SIREN.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY dropping catlike to the ground from a low window of the ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

CUT TO

REMO bursting round a corner of the TOP GALLERY and coming towards us. He skids to a halt and beats a hasty retreat. FIRST DOG races into frame in pursuit of REMO. It disappears round corner after REMO.

CUT TO

REMO sprinting across an ELECTRIC CABLE that connects FACTORY to the BUILDING OPPOSITE.

FIRST DOG slides to a halt and watches in thwarted fury. No circus performer has ever run at such speed across a tightrope.

CUT TO

REMO disappearing into the shadows on the far side of the BUILDING.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY dodging through the CRATES etc. as he runs down the SERVICE ROAD towards the original point of entry. The SIREN is still wailing. He reacts to something.

CUT TO

REMO dropping to the ground with the identical catlike motion of MacCLEARY.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY calling softly and urgently from the shadows.

MacCLEARY
REMO!

CUT TO

FIRST DOG gingerly advancing across the ELECTRIC CABLE.

CUT TO

REMO dropping down beside MacCLEARY in the shadow of the CRATE. The TWO MEN are breathing hard. The SIREN wails.

MacCLEARY
What happened?

REMO
I blew it.

MacCLEARY taps his breast pocket. We see the outline of a package.

MacCLEARY
Don't worry - I think we've got what we need...

REMO registers that MacCLEARY has got something and then reacts to something else.

HEADLIGHTS illuminate distant figures. MacCLEARY and REMO realize they are cut off from their point of entry.

MacCLEARY
Grab that 'dozer'!

REMO and MacCLEARY head for a nearby BULLDOZER. REMO suddenly freezes.

CUT TO

FIRST DOG charging round a corner and heading straight for MacCLEARY.

MacCLEARY
Move it!

MacCLEARY swings out an arm and FIRST DOG joyfully leaps and sinks its fangs into it. REMO obeys the command and sprints for the BULLDOZER.

CUT TO

FIRST DOG clinging to MacCLEARY'S arm and refusing to be shaken off. Grim-faced, MacCLEARY struggles to raise his free hand to his shoulder.

Suddenly MacCLEARY is sprinting for the BULLDOZER without encumbrance and FIRST DOG is gleefully brandishing something - MacCLEARY'S ARTIFICIAL ARM which he has just released.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY jumps onto the moving BULLDOZER which veers sharply away from the oncoming lights, knocks some CRATES across the road and heads for the ELECTRIFIED FENCE.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY and REMO leaping to safety as the BULLDOZER crashes into the electrified fence. There is a blinding flash and the BULLDOZER is lit up like the centerpiece of a firework display. Bushes catch fire. Wires glow and fizz over a hundred feet.

CUT TO

REMO rising gracefully and sprinting up behind MacCLEARY as they run through the gap in the fence.

MacCLEARY'S balance is clearly affected by the loss of an arm. REMO stretches out a supportive arm.

CUT TO

A RIFLE BARREL held chillingly steady. BANG!

CUT TO

A splash of blood in the middle of a back.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY crashing to the earth beside the blazing BULLDOZER which has continued its run after broaching the fence. REMO drops to the ground beside him.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY grimacing with pain as he scrabbles for the PACKAGE in his breast pocket. His pleading eyes are on REMO'S anguished face.

MacCLEARY
Remo - !

MacCLEARY'S head drops forward and a piece of bloodstained GUM jerks from his mouth. He is dead.

CUT TO

REMO'S tortured face as a bullet screams off the BULLDOZER. He turns to look back.

CUT TO

An eerie composition of JEEP HEADLIGHTS, hazy figures of advancing GUARDS, smoke, burning foliage and the spluttering ELECTRIC FENCE.

CUT TO

REMO fumbling for the PACKAGE in MacCLEARY'S breast pocket. He retrieves it and runs into the darkness.

CUT TO

MacCLEARY stretched out dead. We realize that we are looking at a photograph when another photograph, that of REMO taken by the magic eye camera, is tossed down on the print of MacCLEARY.

REVEAL GROVE glowering down at the photographs which WILSON has tossed onto GROVE'S desk.

CUT TO

HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHOT of a distinguished, silver-headed man in his sixties.

JOE
You're in trouble, George.

REVEAL an expressionless GROVE before descending to a GOLF BALL in the rough among trees beside a long fairway. From what we can see of it the golf course is a beauty. WILSON is in attendance in golfing attire. Also a couple of CADDIES and two ultra-modern GOLF CARTS with telephones. JOE'S PARTNER is waiting to play further up the course.

GROVE quickly squares up to the ball. The task that faces him is awesome. A bad lie and trees forty yards away almost hiding a view of the flag on the distant green. Wack! Without hesitation, GROVE blasts the ball through the trees and over the glade to curve away and land on the edge of the green. JOE looks at him in astonishment.

JOE
If you dropped in a crapper you'd come out covered in gold plate.

GROVE looks at him evenly as he holds out his club for a CADDY to take.

GROVE
Twenty-four carat.

As GROVE walks across to his cart, WILSON is on the phone. He replaces the receiver as GROVE climbs in. GROVE turns to him inquiringly.

WILSON
Nothing checks out: The finger prints, the photo scans. I've contacted every one of our sources and there's no record of them. They don't exist.

GROVE
So who's sticking their nose into our business?
(he reflects)
The I.R.S., the C.I.A., the F.B.I.?

WILSON indicates the telephone.

WILSON
That <u>was</u> Mason at the F.B.I.

GROVE
(contemptuous)
I've never believed anything I got from the F.B.I. since Hoover left.

He continues to ponder.

GROVE
No, I smell some self-seeking little liberal smart-ass trying to stir up mud. Figuring he's going to come riding out of the murk on a snowy white charger.

He rounds on WILSON.

GROVE
Find me the man who escaped.

He speaks with chilling vehemence.

GROVE
I want to donate him to a blood bank.

The GOLF CART is at the edge of the green. GROVE steps out and his CADDY hands him his putter. The ball is thirty feet from the hole on a sloping green.

JOE
You're not going to get lucky twice, George.

GROVE
Wanna bet?

JOE can hardly believe his luck.

JOE
A thousand dollars.

GROVE
Make it two.

GROVE lines up his shot as the others watch intently. A pause and he strokes the ball away. The ball is beautifully struck but stops on the very brink of the hole and refuses to drop. JOE conquers a sigh of relief.

JOE
Tough. That's two thousand bucks you owe me.

GROVE seems completely unfazed as he advances to stroke his ball in. He addresses WILSON casually.

GROVE
Wilson, make a note to add two thousand to our next contribution to the Senator's campaign funds.

He retrieves his ball and lays a friendly arm across the shoulders of the disgruntled SENATOR.

GROVE
That's fine with you, isn't it Joe?

CUT TO

THE PACKAGE that MacCLEARY passed to REMO as it changes hands. REVEAL that a grim-faced REMO has just handed it to SMITH in his office.

REMO'S eye lights on something. It is the TRAVEL BROCHURE that MacCLEARY was reading when he tossed it on SMITH'S desk. REMO and SMITH exchange a bitter glance before REMO picks up the TRAVEL BROCHURE. He crumples it into a ball and throws it into the waste paper basket.

CUT TO

RAYNER, in uniform and on HORSEBACK as she clears a jump in style. She pats her MOUNT'S neck approvingly as the horse slows.

In the background is an empty GRANDSTAND and one or two more JUMPS of what is apparently a makeshift SHOW JUMPING COURSE. GENERAL WATSON, immaculately turned out for practice, canters to her side.

GENERAL WATSON
So you're planning to go to New York.

RAYNER slows her mount to a walk.

RAYNER
I have an appointment with the Weapons Research Division.

GENERAL WATSON
Rayner, pursuing the Grove Corporation isn't going to get you anywhere.

RAYNER
(steely)
They killed a man.

RAYNER looks at GENERAL WATSON accusingly.

RAYNER
And nothing seems to be happening!

Her mount quickens its pace and GENERAL WATSON spurs to keep up with her.

GENERAL WATSON
Listen, Rayner. Do you know how many Grove subsidiaries there are? How many outside suppliers? You're never going to be able to prove negligence - believe me.

RAYNER reigns her mount round to face the jumps.

RAYNER
Have you ever tried?

GENERAL WATSON swallows the jibe with difficulty. He looks ahead to an intimidating BRICK WALL OBSTACLE and there is a challenge in his eyes.

GENERAL WATSON
Rayner, be careful. Don't bite off more than you can chew.

RAYNER
I won't

RAYNER accepts the challenge and thunders off towards the BRICK WALL. Her HORSE soars and clears the wall flicking one brick in passage.

RAYNER reigns tightly and pats her mount's neck as she faces GENERAL WATSON. Now it is his turn.

GENERAL WATSON hesitates and then steers his mount sideways to canter from the arena.

CUT TO

IMPOSING DOOR besides which stands an easel bearing sign saying WEAPONS PROCUREMENT COMMITTEE/DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE and beneath that a card with the words IN SESSION.

DISSOLVE TO

AN IMPRESSIVE CONFERENCE ROOM dominated by a long board room table around which sit SEVEN MEN. We recognize GROVE and the SENATOR. Also present are a CHAIRMAN and THREE SENIOR OFFICERS in uniform from the Army, Navy and Air Force. Crossed Stars and Stripes surmount a Carved Eagle behind the CHAIRMAN.

There are FOLDERS and NOTEPADS in evidence on the table. AIR FORCE OFFICER is addressing a WEAPONS MANUFACTURER who sits near GROVE.

AIR FORCE OFFICER
I can only reiterate that I do believe a weapon in this category is vital and that we should proceed towards developing it with all possible speed.

There are affirmatory nods. GROVE glances at his watch.

CHAIRMAN
Agreed. Well, Gentlemen. If there's no more business -

Everybody starts to move except the ARMY OFFICER. He looks the tough, no nonsense type.

ARMY OFFICER
Mr. Chairman, I have some business I'd like to raise - the HARP.

GROVE looks up, his face inscrutable. SENATOR glances at GROVE.

ARMY OFFICER
One hundred and twenty million dollars was allocated for development. I'd like to know when we're going to see something.

There is a pregnant silence. All eyes are on GROVE.

GROVE
When I'm ready to show you something.

ARMY OFFICER
What stage is the project at?

GROVE
(getting angry)
A stage which requires more development, more patience and - quite conceivably - more money. I'm not going to be pressured into producing something that does not conform to the standards I've set for myself and my organization.
(a beat)
Would the army like to take over control of the project?

ARMY OFFICER
I'm not suggesting anything like that.

GROVE
I'm glad to hear it.
(MORE)

GROVE (CONT'D)
(a beat)
My God, I expect support and collaboration around this table. Don't we have enough critics of what we're doing to keep this country great?

SENATOR
You have my support, George. I know where you stand.

CHAIRMAN turns to GROVE.

CHAIRMAN
George, everybody around this table is aware of the enormous contribution you've made to this country's defense over the years. I know I speak for all of us when I say that we have total confidence in the way you're handling the HARP project.

He looks around the table.

CHAIRMAN
Right, gentlemen?

There are statements of acquiescence led by the SENATOR. ARMY OFFICER is the last to reply and the least convinced but he has no alternative but to follow the others as they all look towards him.

ARMY OFFICER
Yes.

GROVE nods, satisfied, invulnerable. The ARMY OFFICER looks at him with thwarted but justifiable dislike.

CUT TO

RAYNER looking appealing in dress uniform and carrying a BRIEF-CASE as she leaves a small but elegant New York Hotel, THE NORWICH, and starts to walk along the sidewalk. Cars are parked along the curb.

CUT TO

RAYNER as seen from POV of someone looking over the shoulders of DRIVER and COMPANION in front seat of parked car. RAYNER is looking for a cab.

CUT TO

STONE, the man in the back seat. We do not see the DRIVER and COMPANION in the front seat. STONE has a cold nordic pallor and piercing eyes that would freeze warm soup.

CUT TO

RAYNER as she hurries towards a CAB waiting at the lights.

RAYNER

Hey!

TWO HARD-FACED MEN come into shot behind RAYNER. They quicken their pace.

The lights change and the CAB pulls away smoothly.

RAYNER stops, exasperated, and notices the TWO HARD-FACED MEN who have suddenly started to dawdle behind her. Perhaps they were after the CAB too.

CUT TO

RAYNER quickening her pace and crossing the street at the light. She glances back.

CUT TO

THE TWO HARD-FACED MEN, hurrying to cross the street behind RAYNER.

CUT TO

RAYNER reaching sidewalk. There is a SUBWAY entrance nearby and she hurries down steps that lead to it.

CUT TO

RAYNER at bottom of steps. She turns to look up. The shoulders of the TWO HARD-FACED MEN block her from our view as they start down the steps after her.

CUT TO

A JOSTLING THRONG OF PASSENGERS who have just left a train. RAYNER has to push against the tide as she struggles to get to the platform.

CUT TO

THE TWO HARD-FACED MEN as they look at each other and then thrust their way into the crowd of existing PASSENGERS.

CUT TO

RAYNER arriving on the almost empty platform. She looks around her anxiously. There is no train and no way of escape.

CUT TO

THE TWO HARD-FACED MEN as they come through the barrier onto the platform. There is a grim satisfaction on their faces as they close in on RAYNER.

In the distance can be heard the sound of an approaching train.

CUT TO

RAYNER, poised warily. The MEN are nearly on top of her. The TRAIN NOISE is building.

CUT TO

FIRST HARD-FACED MAN as his hand disappears inside his coat. RAYNER does not hesitate but lashes out with her ATTACHE CASE catching the man squarely in the crotch. He cries out in pain and surprise and doubles up as his hands dive to the afflicted area. The army has clearly taught RAYNER how to defend herself and using her ATTACHE CASE as a weapon, she shows no mercy and not a little skill and agility.

No sooner has she delivered the blow to the crotch than she grabs the ATTACHE CASE by its sides and drives it up into FIRST HARD-FACED MAN'S face from knee level as he doubles up. She then brings it down on his head with considerable force so that he drops to his knees trying to protect his face and crotch.

CUT TO

TRAIN ROARING INTO STATION.

CUT TO

SECOND HARD-FACED MAN launching himself at RAYNER As he grabs at her uniform she twists aside. Now she has a slim can of MACE in her hand. SECOND HARD-FACED MAN receives a generous squirt in the face that temporarily blinds him. Two vicious round-arm swings from the ATTACHE CASE connect with either side of his head and he staggers back for RAYNER to kick his legs away and brings the ATTACHE CASE down on his defenseless head with a crashing blow. The TRAIN doors have slid open.

CUT TO

RAYNER slipping onto the TRAIN as the doors close. THE TWO HARD-FACED MEN are still stumbling to their feet as the TRAIN leaves the station.

RAYNER'S physical prowess has not been lost on those PASSENGERS who had a view of the action.

This is definitely not a lady to mess with.

TWO UNWHOLESOME PASSENGERS quickly rise to their feet and offer RAYNER a seat.

CUT TO

WEAPONS RESEARCH DIVISION plus impressive military insignia embossed in bronze and mounted on a door that is closing behind RAYNER. She starts to walk down a wide, brightly lit corridor towards the elevator.

TWO JUNIOR ARMY OFFICERS in uniform walk past.

RAYNER advances towards the elevator and the door opens magically. RAYNER steps inside.

CUT TO

INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR as RAYNER enters and the doors start to close. No sooner have they done so than they spring open again. RAYNER turns fast to be confronted by REMO. He smiles at her amiably.

REMO
Hi.

RAYNER
(more reserved)
Hi.

REMO beams at RAYNER taking in every choice morsel of her as she firmly presses the ground floor button.

REMO
That's a nice uniform.

RAYNER tightens her grip on her briefcase.

RAYNER
Thank you.

REMO smiles some more and lowers his head so that he is staring at RAYNER'S firm right breast from no more than a few inches.

REMO
Great buttons.

RAYNER does indeed have some shiny buttons on her uniform but we are not surprised when the briefcase starts to swing back.

REMO
(innocent)
You don't mind me talking to you do you?

RAYNER
(tight-lipped)
It's a free country.

REMO
(agreeably)
Thanks to people like you.

He smiles sympathetically.

REMO
I was in the army once.

RAYNER
Fascinating.

REMO
(the philosopher)
I think people join because they're looking for a family.

RAYNER rolls her eyes.

REMO
I live with a Korean now.

RAYNER
She must be very understanding.

REMO
It's a he.
(he smiles agreeably)
I'm his protege.

RAYNER is beginning to find this guy very confusing. A potential rapist who now seems to be gay.

RAYNER
I see.
(a beat)
Are many of your friends -

She hesitates, not sure how to continue.

REMO
(innocent)
Koreans?

THE ELEVATOR DOORS open to protect RAYNER from further punishment.

RAYNER
It doesn't matter.

CUT TO

REMO and RAYNER exiting large modern N.Y. building onto a busy sidewalk.

REMO
Can I get you a cab?

RAYNER
No thanks.

REMO
Well, sure was nice talking to you. Maybe we'll meet again.

RAYNER
I doubt it.

ZOOM TO

STONE sitting in the back of a car on the far side of the street. His face lights up as he looks towards REMO and RAYNER.

CUT TO

REMO looking after RAYNER affectionately as she walks away. Behind him, the TWO HARD-FACED MEN last seen in the SUBWAY glide out of the shadows and flank him. REMO speaks without taking his eyes off RAYNER.

REMO
(weary)
Try not to lose her again.

He turns to one of the men who winces.

REMO
What's the matter with you?

SECOND HARD-FACED MAN (CHARLEY)
She belted him in the nuts.

REMO
She must have had a magnifying glass.

The dejected duo follow RAYNER.

CUT TO

STONE watching scene from CAR on far side of road. He smiles a chilling smile and we see that he has a DIAMOND set in his tooth.

STONE
Well. Whaddya know -

As we reveal his two mean-faced companions in the front - RED and ZACK - STONE raises a BEER BOTTLE to his mouth.

A quick twist and the glass just below the cap has been scored as with a glass cutter.

STONE
- this is our lucky day.

A flick of the thumb and the top of the bottle is sent flying. All three continue to look towards REMO across the road.

CUT TO

TELEPHONE RINGING in GROVE'S stylishly furnished Washington D.C. home. Next to it we glimpse signed photographs of former PRESIDENTS proudly displayed in silver frames. WILSON arrives to answer the telephone.

WILSON
Hello?

He listens as a peal of laughter rings out in the background. It comes from an elegantly dressed GROVE as he supervises the welfare of several GUESTS - AN ARAB MAN and ARAB WOMAN and TWO OTHER COUPLES. A WAITER circulates with a tray of canapes. WILSON seems pleased by what he is hearing.

WILSON
They were together?... That's excellent... No, stay with him - you know what to do.

CUT TO

STONE, in telephone booth, replacing receiver.

CUT TO

REMO humming cheerfully as he approaches the door of the SAFEHOUSE. He stops hummming as he notes three brimming garbage bags outside the door. They seem to be filled with firewood.

REMO is carrying a large bag of groceries. We hear the sound of a television as he opens the door with a key.

CUT TO

CHIUN squatting before television with his body six inches off the ground supported by two fingers of each hand. He continues to watch TV as a soap comes on and he gives a contented sigh.

REMO
What's in the garbage bags?

CHIUN
The beds.

REMO
The beds!?

CHIUN
Your spine will bless me.

He lowers himself to the floor, stands up and takes the groceries from REMO. He nods towards the TV.

CHIUN
Jim is leaving the hospital.

CHIUN leads the way towards the kitchen.

REMO
Great.

CHIUN
He is going to his mother's funeral.

REMO
Tough.

CHIUN
But I think the nurse likes him.

He is in the kitchen and has raised the lid of the garbage bin by depressing the pedal with his foot. He begins to examine REMO'S purchases and drops them one after the other into the bin. Only a couple of oranges survive.

REMO
(patiently)
That's good.

CHIUN
However, there seems to be some complication with her stepbrother.

He breaks off and examines the label on a can. His face contorts in disgust.

CHIUN
Urgh! Why must every repellent offering in this graveyard of culinary invention be coated with monosodic-momoglut-

REMO
Monosodium glutamate - you can't even say it.

CHIUN
I can say rat droppings - it doesn't mean I want to eat them.

He drops the can into the garbage bin.

CHIUN
Tomorrow, if you work well, you may be allowed a teaspoonful of honey with your rice - but I make no promises - curb any expressions of slavering gratitude.

CHIUN whips round to face REMO with a pistol in his hand. Two shots crash out and REMO darts left and right to avoid them. A painting shatters and plaster spatters the ground.

Both REMO and CHIUN react as if this was the most natural thing in the world.

CHIUN
You heard the sound of my flexor tendons?

REMO
I saw the flutter of your meta-carpals. Not bad, huh?

CHIUN'S lip curls in disdain.

CHIUN
A short-sighted child of three with the dropsy can avoid two bullets.

He snaps open the pistol and spins the six-bullet chamber.

CHIUN
Avoid six bullets and you have a chance of survival.

He snaps the pistol shut with a flick of the wrist and tosses it into the kitchen drawer.

CHIUN
Now I'm going to find the janissary -

REMO
Janitor.

CHIUN
The waste disposal is broken again.

REMO
You're not supposed to put cans down it.

CHIUN
Then what's the point of having it? Americans don't eat anything else.

He heads for the door.

CHIUN
Let me hear the sound of your finger board when I return from my errands. The Emperor Smith is disgusted with your progress.

REMO sighs and starts to peel off his shirt.

CUT TO

THE UPPER HALF OF REMO'S LEAN, WELL-MUSCLED BODY in the act of rising to a sit-up. As he flips back we realize that his buttocks are resting on the parapet and that his upper body springs back to hang over a fearsome drop to the distant street below. His feet are hooked under a heavy iron stand resting on the roof. REMO wears only a pair of track suit pants and sneakers.

CUT TO

TWO PAIR OF FEET (STONE'S and ZACK'S) moving through the apartment, bypassing pieces of the shattered painting and heading out onto the balcony.

CUT TO

REMO seen from POV of STONE emerging onto balcony. REMO is hanging back over edge of parapet, totally vulnerable.

CUT TO

REMO, sweating with the effort of his workout, hanging over void. With him we hear the faint sound of STONE and ZACK'S approach. He forces his body even further back so that his fingertips point towards the sidewalk. The arch of his back is so great that we only hear his voice

REMO'S VOICE
If you're looking for the finger board - I just ate it.

CUT TO

STONE'S hand closing on the metal stand that holds REMO'S feet.

CUT TO

REMO'S FACE sensing that something is wrong.

CUT TO

STONE jerking the stand away.

CUT TO

REMO'S HORRIFIED FACE as he starts to fall backwards.

CUT TO

ZACK'S ARM as he takes over the role of the metal stand. By pressing down on REMO'S ankles he stops him from dropping into space.

CUT TO

REMO jerking upwards against the pressure of ZACK'S arm. His face meets the handgun that STONE is holding out across the parapet. Expressionless, REMO sinks back with STONE'S pistol following him two inches from his nose. His stomach muscles stand out like a clump of celery. He cannot move forward and he dare not move back.

STONE smiles evilly and the DIAMOND glistens.

CUT TO

REMO straining in space.

REMO
Cute smile.

He raises a finger to touch one of his teeth.

REMO
Too bad about the spinach.

CUT TO

STONE as his smile fades. His voice is icy.

STONE
Who are you working for?

REMO
Tupperware.

STONE'S expression does not change. Neither does his delivery.

STONE
Try again, you got four seconds.

ZACK smiles at REMO'S discomfiture and releases the pressure on his legs a fraction to induce fear. REMO grunts.

STONE
Four... three... two...
Who... ?

REMO
The little guy behind you.

STONE and ZACK begin to turn. REMO throws himself upwards and twists in an effort to get his weight onto the parapet. ZACK lets go of his feet. For a couple of agonizing seconds REMO clutches at air on the brink. Then he falls into space.

CUT TO

REMO falling down the side of the building. He twists in mid-air like a cat and belly flops onto a striped AWNING protruding from the building.

For a moment it seems that he is safe and then there is a loud ripping noise. A tear appears in the awning and REMO drops through the slit.

CUT TO

STONE and ZACK looking down. From where they stand the awning appears intact and they cannot see beyond it. They look at each other and hurry from the parapet. REMO must be spattered on the sidewalk.

CUT TO

REMO hanging from a FLAGPOLE that protrudes from the building a few feet below the narrow balcony overhung by the awning.

The FLAGPOLE is bending ominously under REMO'S weight and the Stars and Stripes flutters against his body. REMO twists and looks down at the stomach-churning drop beneath him.

CUT TO

A LONG GIRDER that is being hoisted by a crane mounted on the building under construction opposite. It is spinning slowly as it approaches REMO.

CUT TO

REMO applying his weight to make the FLAGPOLE flex like a pole vaulter's pole. Judging his moment he harnesses his momentum and launches himself backwards into space.

REMO twists in mid-air and catches the end of the twisting GIRDER.

He dangles in space for a few seconds and then pulls himself up to squat on the end of the girder. He looks back towards the apartment block.

CUT TO

AN EXTERIOR GLASS-SIDED ELEVATOR descending the side of the apartment block. In it can be seen STONE and ZACK.

CUT TO

REMO fired up by what he has seen. He wants to get down to ground level as fast as possible.

REMO runs along the girder while it is still in mid-air and leaps for the side of the building under construction.

CUT TO

REMO landing on a narrow girder with a sickening drop on either side. He runs along it and leaps down twenty feet to the half-built floor below.

A RIVETER looks after him in amazement.

CUT TO

REMO arriving at open-fronted CAGE ELEVATOR SHAFT used for transporting materials. He dives at the metal cable and starts to slide down.

CUT TO

CAGE ELEVATOR rising fast. It collides with the descending REMO and he loses his grip and is shaken from the roof of the ELEVATOR.

CUT TO

REMO teetering on the brink with a terrifying drop below. He recovers his balance and in a moment of temporary relief steadies himself against an outside wall of the building that contains a window. To our horror, the wall starts to topple away from the girder.

The wall is a prefabricated section being positioned by another crane.

REMO swings into space with the wall.

CUT TO

REMO clinging on for dear life as the wall section revolves in space between two floors.

CUT TO

TWO WORKMEN reaching out to pull in wall section so that it can be mounted in position. They react in amazement when REMO suddenly appears through the window as if he has arrived from outer space and runs away across the girder.

CUT TO

REMO landing after a long leap from above and bounding to a DEBRIS SLIDE. He launches himself at it as if it was a water chute.

CUT TO

ONE SECTION OF CHUTE feeding into another as debris pours in at a lower level.

REMO slides down and joins the debris as he changes direction.

CUT TO

DEBRIS from CHUTE pouring into back of TRUCK positioned against exterior of building site. REMO arrives in a cloud of dust and debris.

CUT TO

STONE and ZACK emerging from elevator and looking round expecting to see REMO flattened on the sidewalk.

CUT TO

REMO covered in dust and sweat as he stands atop the debris in the truck. He launches himself groundwards to get at STONE and ZACK.

CUT TO

RED beside CAR as he swings up pistol.

CUT TO

REMO running towards STONE and ZACK as RED opens fire.

REMO dodges bullets and dives back behind TRUCK. A bullet has nicked his arm.

PASSERSBY dive for shelter.

CUT TO

STONE and ZACK alerted to REMO.

STONE
Get him!

ZACK pulls a gun and starts forward. PASSERSBY cower in doorways.

CUT TO

REMO behind TRUCK. He looks round to entrance in high fence that protects building site.

CUT TO

ZACK and RED closing in on TRUCK. They burst round the side ready to blast REMO. He has gone. ZACK and RED look at each other and advance through gap into site.

CUT TO

ZACK entering the building site gun in hand. He spins round as there is a noise. TWO WORKMEN wearing hard hats scatter. The CEMENT MIXER they have been operating stands at the side of a newly-poured sunken foundation area the size of a basketball court. RED appears twenty feet away.

REMO sprints across the wet concrete. It seems solid because his feet barely make an impression. RED fires and misses as REMO finds shelter behind some concrete stantions.

RED
Get after him!

CUT TO

ZACK in midair as he leaps to the side of the sunken floor. He starts to follow the path made by REMO and immediately begins to sink. Without REMO'S Sinanju lightness of foot he is doomed.

Two clumsy steps and he is sinking as if into a quicksand. He screams, thrashes and then disappears.

CUT TO

RED'S FACE. Not a happy sight. He looks around for help.

CUT TO

STONE, watching impassively from the entrance to the building site. He makes a 'get on with it' gesture.

CUT TO

RED, clearly unhappy - but you don't argue with STONE. RED moves forward.

CUT TO

RED moving forward warily. He is among tombstones of reinforced concrete with rusty pieces of wire protruding from them like nails from a vertical fakir's bed.

There is a flurry of movement twenty yards away. RED reacts.

CUT TO

RED moving forward nervously. Without warning, REMO hurtles through the air feet first and six feet off the ground. He catches RED on the side of the head and sends him flying.

CUT TO

REMO hurling himself at the floored RED impaled on the rusty wires for the whole length of his body. Some wires project through the back of his head and shoulders.

CUT TO

A WILD-EYED, MAJESTIC REMO looking round for STONE.

CUT TO

REMO as he appears framed in entrance to building site. His eyes quickly scan the surrounding area for STONE. STONE has vanished. REMO sees something that incites a fresh wariness.

CUT TO

AN UGLY-LOOKING MIDDLE-SIZED MUTT as it wanders round a corner to prick up its ears and stir unpleasant memories for REMO. The two exchange a unfriendly glance and then the MUTT raises its leg and starts to pee against the side of the building site.

CUT TO

A CAB drawing up near the entrance to the apartment block that houses the SAFEHOUSE. CHIUN starts to get out with a tiny packet of RICE in his hand.

CUT TO

CAB DRIVER
There you go.

CHIUN handing the CAB DRIVER some money and closing the cab door. CHIUN raises a hand in a gesture of farewell.

CAB DRIVER
Have a nice day.

CHIUN has not mastered the technique of the American farewell and soon finds himself hopelessly enmeshed in the following exchange.

CHIUN
Thank you.

CAB DRIVER
Don't mention it.

CHIUN
All right.

CAB DRIVER
You're welcome.

CHIUN
Good-bye.

CAB DRIVER
See you.

CHIUN
Maybe.

CAB DRIVER
(getting uneasy)
Sure.

CHIUN
(confused)
Yes.

CAB DRIVER
(very uneasy)
Uh-huh.

REMO looms up behind CHIUN and draws him away. The grateful CAB DRIVER drives off. CHIUN registers REMO'S dust-covered condition and flicks at the offending filth as he speaks.

CHIUN
What does 'uh-huh' mean?

REMO
It means that you're a schmuck.

CHIUN
Is that good?

The long-suffering REMO sighs and slips an arm around CHIUN'S shoulder as he steers him back towards the SAFEHOUSE.

REMO
In your case it's almost a compliment.

CUT TO

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE HOTEL NORWICH where RAYNER is staying.

CUT TO

STONE walking across lobby of hotel to GUEST PHONE. A RECEPTIONIST and a few GUESTS can be glimpsed in the background.

STONE picks up a phone.

STONE
(into telephone)
Major Fleming.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE
Line's busy, sir. Do you want to hold?

STONE replaces the receiver and heads for the elevators.

CUT TO

RAYNER looking very attractive in a bathrobe and what appears to be nothing else. She sits cross-legged on the bed of her hotel room and is talking into the telephone. The door to the bathroom is open and steam rises from the bath that is waiting for her.

RAYNER
So everything's under control back in Washington?

CUT TO

LIEUTENANT FOX on telephone with COMPUTER BANKS flashing in the background.

LIEUTENANT FOX
Everything except my restless heart. Tell you what - why don't I hop on a shuttle? I could be in New York in a couple of hours. I know that town like the back of my hand.

CUT TO

RAYNER in her hotel room. She smiles to herself.

RAYNER
It's the front of your hand I'm worried about, Lieutenant.

CUT TO

ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING. STONE steps out looking cold and menacing. He glances to left and right and sets off down the corridor.

CUT TO

RAYNER on telephone.

RAYNER
Look, my bath is getting cold. Keep the computers warm and I'll see you when General Watson and I get back from Mount Promise.

FOX says something that we can't hear but RAYNER'S expression suggests that it is probably pretty saucy.

RAYNER
(firmly)
Good-bye, Lieutenant.

She replaces the receiver and walks into the bathroom beginning to shed her robe.

CUT TO

STONE pausing outside door in hotel corridor. He looks quickly to left and right and produces a TOOL for forcing doors from his pocket.

CUT TO

RAYNER in bath. She looks very desirable and vulnerable as she starts to soap her shoulders.

CUT TO

STONE bending to tamper with lock.

CHARLEY'S VOICE
(ONE OF THE HARD-FACED MEN)
Hold it.

CUT TO

CHARLEY covering STONE with a pistol as he emerges from an alcove a few yards down the corridor.

CHARLEY gestures STONE'S hands into the air.

CHARLEY
Up.

STONE does as he is told. He looks very dangerous even in adversity.

CHARLEY
Face the wall.

STONE does as he is told with his hands raised high and CHARLEY kicks his legs wider and moves in to frisk him. With practiced ease he removes a pistol from beneath STONE'S arm.

CUT TO

THE CUFF of one of STONE'S upraised arms. STONE bends his fingers and almost imperceptibly a KNIFE appears in them.

CUT TO

CHARLEY dropping his guard slightly now that he has STONE'S GUN. Bad move. With the speed of a snake striking, STONE whips his knife into CHARLEY'S neck, beneath his ear.

CHARLEY croaks and staggers back. He drops one gun as his hand rises to his neck and STONE swiftly robs him of the other and cracks it down on his skull. The knife is still sunk into CHARLEY'S throat.

CUT TO

TWO MAIDS enjoying a secret smoke in one of the SERVICE ROOMS along the corridor. Shelves of towels, sheets and cloths are in evidence.

The door opens with a bang and STONE appears buttocks first as he drags the lifeless body of CHARLEY with him. The MAIDS cry out in Spanish and then scream as STONE sees them and lets CHARLEY'S CORPSE crash to the ground. STONE flees.

CHARLEY'S open-eyed face with the knife still skewering his neck stares into camera.

CUT TO

AN UNDISTINGUISHED CABIN CRUISER moored in waterside area that provides a striking view of New York by night.

CUT TO

REMO and CHIUN asleep on floor of cabin with the minimum of bedding and comfort. A tug hoots outside. Silence. Suddenly, as if on a signal, each of them opens a wary eye.

CUT TO

FOOTSTEPS approaching along deck. We cannot see who the feet belong to.

CUT TO

REMO and CHIUN poised on either side of cabin door. REMO looks at CHIUN and silently flings it open.

CUT TO

SMITH standing on deck before door.

SMITH
I'm glad you were up.

He moves on towards the foredeck. REMO and CHIUN look at each other with a hint of exasperation and REMO follows.

SMITH
I hope your temporary accommodation is comfortable?

REMO
Living with Chiun is never comfort-able.

SMITH has stopped on the foredeck and is looking round. The view is spectacular but there is the sensation of being very small and vulnerable in the middle of something that huge and potentially menacing. REMO can sense that something is up.

SMITH
High Altitude Reconnaissance Probe.

REMO stares at him blankly.

SMITH
HARP. What you discovered at Grove's Maryville Plant. The cornerstone of this country's defense system for the next decade.

REMO
What about it?

SMITH
It doesn't exist.

REMO is stunned by this information.

REMO
But I saw it.

SMITH
No, you didn't. I've analyzed the inventory tapes you brought back. What you saw was a fake. Window dressing.

REMO
Then why was it booby-trapped?

SMITH
Because you got too close. You might have spotted the deception. As it was you conveniently destroyed the evidence.

REMO reflects.

REMO
So without the HARP we don't have a defense system?

SMITH
That's the bottom line, Remo. Not the millions of dollars Grove has diverted into his own pocket - or the billions more when he tells us that we need HARP II urgently - that's contemptible but it happens all the time. What is intolerable is that Grove is leaving his country naked against attack.

REMO picks up his FINGER BOARD from a table and begins to drum his fingers against it in mounting anger.

REMO
Yeah.

SMITH
Tomorrow, Grove will be visiting the Mount Promise Weapons Testing Center.

He looks pointedly at REMO.

SMITH
So will you.

REMO has got the message. His eyes meet those of CHIUN who watches impassively from a hatchway. Then - bang! - for the first time REMO has driven his finger through the FINGER BOARD.

CUT TO

AN AMERICAN FLAG fluttering proudly over the ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS of the MOUNT PROMISE MILITARY CAMP. BUILDINGS are arranged around a PARADE GROUND and there are WOODED SLOPES in the background. SOLDIERS go about their duties and a JEEP passes as a SQUAD drills on the far side of the square. Their chanting voices form a background chorus as we pick up GROVE, in suit, and GENERAL WATSON, in uniform, walking towards the ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS.

GENERAL WATSON
You seem upset, George.

GROVE
I have a few little problems to attend to, Scott. My visit may have to be cut short.

As they move away we pick up a SOLDIER in fatigues who is wielding a broom near the perimeter of the parade ground. He turns to look after GROVE and WATSON and we recognize REMO. His eyes narrow. He turns away and freezes. He has recognized someone.

CUT TO

RAYNER, looking very good in uniform, as she approaches REMO. From her POV we see him turning his back and trying to be invisible.

RAYNER
Hey, soldier! Have you forgotten how to salute?

REMO tries to salute while concealing his face. It is not smartly done. RAYNER walks towards REMO.

RAYNER
Look, soldier -

She breaks off as she recognizes the weirdo from the elevator.

RAYNER
I don't believe it! The old soldier with the Korean friend. What are you doing here?

REMO
(after a pause)
Nostalgia.

CUT TO

GROVE and WATSON passing through an anteroom in the administration building that contains a bank of TV MONITORS. These show views around the camp perimeter, the main gate etc. and also inside the camp. An empty chair is in front of the monitors. WILSON, in suit, steps aside to let GROVE and GENERAL WATSON pass into an OFFICE. As he does so, something on one of the monitor screens catches his eye.

WILSON
(urgent)
George.

GROVE turns. WILSON, grim-faced, points to one of the screens.

CUT TO

REMO and RAYNER as seen on the TV MONITOR, still talking by the parade ground.

CUT TO

GENERAL WATSON responding to the image.

GENERAL WATSON
Don't worry about her. She's got a beef about the AR-60 - that's all.

GROVE
If she talks to him long enough the beef's going to be char-broiled.

HE looks from GENERAL WATSON to REMO and RAYNER on the MONITOR and smiles grimly.

GROVE
We'd better lift it off the griddle.

CUT TO

RAYNER, becoming harassed in her attempts to find out more about REMO.

RAYNER
Come on, what are you doing here? Are you attached to the army?

REMO smiles entrancingly.

REMO
I'm very attached to the army.

RAYNER
Cut the jokes. I could have you arrested.

REMO'S face clouds. This is true. A JEEP-LOAD of MILITARY POLICE can be seen taxiing round the parade ground in the background.

As REMO hesitates, WILSON appears on the scene at the wheel of a JEEP. His manner is unrecognizable as he addresses RAYNER with the easy familiarity of a car salesman.

WILSON
Major Fleming? Hi, I'm Jim Wilson of the Grove Corporation. Glad to make your acquaintance. General Watson asked me to make contact. He's got some concern about the latest shipment of AR-60's. Wants you to take a look.

He turns to REMO.

WILSON
We could use you too, soldier. There's some lifting to be done.

REMO hesitates but RAYNER is not going to let him escape. She speaks with a firm edge to her voice.

RAYNER
You heard the man.

REMO does not argue. He moves towards the JEEP.

CUT TO

JEEP pulling up outside a modern, brick WINDOWLESS BUILDING in a secluded part of the camp with a HIGH PERIMETER WIRE FENCE nearby the TREES beyond.

WILSON is at the wheel with RAYNER beside him and REMO in the back.

WILSON speaks as he starts to get out.

WILSON
I don't know what the problem can be. They seem fine to me.

He leads the way to the entrance of the building and politely steps aside for the eager RAYNER. REMO brings up the rear.

CUT TO

RAYNER, REMO and WILSON entering a large room in the middle of which stand TWO HEAVY WOODEN CRATES with AR-60 stenciled on the side.

The crates stand within a GLASS-WALLED CHAMBER which is a feature of the room and abuts on a CONTROL ROOM.

However, in the dimly lit interior it is the RIFLE CRATES that are the focus of attention.

RAYNER and REMO advance towards the crates. From their POV we look down to see what lies inside the top one - nothing.

REMO looks up in surprise and his eyes travel to the window of the CONTROL ROOM. STONE'S evil face smiles back at him triumphantly.

REMO and RAYNER spin round.

CUT TO

THE GLASS DOORS of the INNER GLASS CHAMBER sliding shut and sealing with an eerie 'swalch' sound.

CUT TO

A HAND manipulating some controls on a panel. A sign jumps into view dramatically. It reads GAS TEST CHAMBER.

CUT TO

THICK YELLOW GAS pouring from a series of outlet holes inside the glass-walled chamber. REMO launches himself at the glass doors but even with his hammer blows they will not budge. RAYNER is choking. REMO trembles involuntarily and clutches at his throat. The air is turning yellow. Through the haze, TWO FIGURES can be glimpsed behind the glass window of the CONTROL ROOM.

ZOOM TO

STONE and WILSON savoring the spectacle. WILSON'S hand is on the controls. We see the reflections of the dying RAYNER and REMO in the glass. The diamond in his STONE'S tooth sparkles.

CUT TO

RAYNER on her knees with her hands over her face. REMO hawks and staggers. The catlike grace has gone. Water pours from his eyes.

CUT TO

WILSON, tight-lipped in CONTROL ROOM, the perfect adjutant.

WILSON
Remember, it's got to look like an accident.

REVEAL STONE pulling on a hideous GAS MASK that makes him look like a repulsive insect. He can hardly wait to get at REMO.

CUT TO

STONE approaching glass doors of inner chamber. REMO has sunk to his knees and is clutching his throat. RAYNER is stretched out. STONE presses button and doors slide open.

CUT TO

STONE approaching the helpless REMO with the GLASS DOORS sliding closed behind him. REMO tries to rise and make a fight of it but a kick sends him sprawling.

CUT TO

WILSON enjoying the spectacle.

CUT TO

ANOTHER STONE kick lifting REMO across the floor. Bravely, RAYNER tries to seize STONE'S leg but she is booted aside.

CUT TO

REMO'S battered face with blood streaming from an ugly cut above his eye. He tries to claw himself upwards as we see the tears streaming and hear his dying rasps. STONE prepares for the coup de grace as CHIUN'S VOICE starts to goad REMO to fight back.

CHIUN'S VOICE
"... Believe in yourself. Without that belief I can do nothing with you... Be the master of your environment not its slave - believe! ... Where there is evil to be rooted out then you shall be created... THE DESTROYER!!"

REMO'S teeth bare as his face takes on a look of deadly purpose and he launches himself forward.

REMO tackling STONE so that he falls backwards.

We hear the desperate death rattle in REMO'S throat as he begins to turn the tables in the swirling yellow mist. He cannot fight to his full capacity and there is as much of the old REMO as of the post-Chiun model but with a couple of finger jabs and a crushing elbow into the face he sends STONE sprawling. STONE'S GAS MASK has been knocked off and smashed. With a last desperate effort REMO smashes STONE'S head down on his upthrusting knee. STONE slumps to the ground and lies still.

REMO heads for the GLASS DOORS. He is stumbling, staggering, barely able to keep upright. His rasping sounds as if he is about to cough up his throat lining. He tries to pull open the door.

CUT TO

WILSON watching from the CONTROL ROOM. He is looking considerably less happy and quickly turns up the gas input.

CUT TO

MORE GAS POURING INTO THE CHAMBER as REMO chops at the glass. The old strength is not there. STONE looms into frame behind him, a knife in his upraised hand. At the last second REMO twists and grabs STONE round the neck jerking him forward. The knife goes flying. With sickening force, REMO propels STONE face-first against the thick glass. There is a sharp crack.

CUT TO

STONE'S FACE pressed hard against the glass so that his nose is compressed and his lips parted to reveal the diamond in his tooth thrust hard against the glass.

CUT TO

REMO rotating STONE'S head against the glass.

CUT TO

THE DIAMOND in STONE'S tooth etching a clumsy circle in the glass with appropriate teeth-grating SFX.

CUT TO

REMO jerking STONE'S head forward against the glass. There is a breaking sound and a circle of glass drops to the ground.

CUT TO

REMO lunging through the hole to activate the door opening mechanism.

CUT TO

WILSON fleeing from the CONTROL ROOM.

CUT TO

REMO bearing RAYNER to safety.

CUT TO

WILSON launching himself at the outer door of the GAS TEST CHAMBER BUILDING. It will not open. The panicking WILSON tears at the handle before remembering that he has slid shut two bolts on the inside. He slides them back and starts to open the door. Too late. REMO'S thrusting fist appears over his shoulder to slam the door shut.

Terrified, WILSON starts to turn.

CUT TO

REMO'S lethal elbow jerking forward.

CUT TO

WILSON'S HEAD jerking back with the force of the blow. A complete panel of the door is knocked out as WILSON drops from view.

CUT TO

REMO not even bothering to look down. He steps forward and peers through the hole in the door towards the PERIMETER FENCE a few yards away.

DISSOLVE TO

A SOLDIER in fatigues and carrying half a dozen GAS MASKS approaching the GAS TEST CHAMBER. Now there is a vivid SUNSET visible through the trees outside the perimeter wire.

SOLDIER opens the door and his eyes widen in horror as he looks down.

CUT TO

GROVE and GENERAL WATSON in WATSON'S comfortably furnished billet. An ORDERLY in mess waiter's uniform is serving GROVE a bourbon as a YOUNG CAPTAIN comes in and salutes GENERAL WATSON.

YOUNG CAPTAIN
Sir, I'm afraid there's been a serious incident at the Gas Testing Area.

GROVE and GENERAL WATSON try and look appropriately surprised and concerned.

YOUNG CAPTAIN
Two fatalities.

GROVE winces.

GROVE
(so sincere)
That's terrible.

YOUNG CAPTAIN
Yes, sir. Your assistant and a man with a diamond in his tooth.

GROVE and GENERAL WATSON stare at each other. This time the concern is genuine.

CUT TO

REMO and RAYNER in a HIDE skillfully built among the roots of a tree on the edge of CLEARING deep in the FOREST. It is NIGHT. RAYNER'S CAP has disappeared and her JACKET is round her shoulders. She looks ruffled but still attractive. A well-concealed FIRE glows cozily. REMO gazes at her solicitously.

REMO
You O.K. now?

RAYNER
Sure.

Greedily, she thrusts some BERRIES into her mouth. One senses that the ice between her and REMO is broken.

RAYNER
I'm starving.

REMO
You should live with my Korean friend.

He helps himself to a BERRY.

REMO
I haven't eaten this good in weeks.

RAYNER
When are you going to tell me about him?

A tough question. REMO settles back.

REMO
It's difficult.

REMO sighs and gazes through a gap in the hide to a prospect of distant snow-capped mountains against the night sky.

REMO
Jeeze.
(MORE)

REMO (CONT'D)
(a beat)
You know, when I was a kid in this home - they took us to a summer camp in Maine. I'd never seen anything like it - all those trees, all that green. Up till then I'd thought that the whole world was made of dirty concrete. I didn't ever want to go back. I looked around me and I thought - I don't have a mother or a father, I'm going to make this my family - it made me feel good and warm that I belonged to something beautiful.

He looks at RAYNER embarrassed by the emotion he has revealed.

REMO
Does that sound crazy to you?

RAYNER
Yes.

She smiles.

RAYNER
But I like it.

REMO looks happier.

REMO
Good - well -

We hold our breath.

REMO
Sleep tight.

RAYNER looks at REMO fondly as he settles back to find sleep.

RAYNER
Sleep tight.

CUT TO

GENERAL WATSON as he stands in an OFFICE briefing FIVE JUNIOR OFFICERS wearing battle uniforms. It is NIGHT. GROVE is a presence in the background.

GENERAL WATSON
Gentlemen, I can't overemphasize the importance of your task. Important military secrets have been stolen and two fine men brutally slain.

He scans the faces before him.

GENERAL WATSON
We're faced with an unparalleled act of treachery and the perpetrators are still in the area. They must be apprehended at all costs.

YOUNG CAPTAIN
Can we open fire, sir?

GENERAL WATSON hesitates and his unease shows. GROVE steps forward into the breech. To him the question is academic.

GROVE
The security of the United States is at stake, soldier. What do you think?

THE OFFICER'S eyes turn to GENERAL WATSON. He says nothing. The die is cast.

The CAPTAIN slaps his pistol holder.

YOUNG CAPTAIN
Right, sir.

CUT TO

REMO sleeping in the HIDE. RAYNER'S head has dropped against his shoulder. They fit well.

REMO'S eyes pop open. He has heard something. He starts to move. RAYNER wakes up. REMO places a finger across his lips and steals from the shelter.

CUT TO

REMO moving stealthily through the trees. He pauses near the bank of a dried up stream. Still we hear nothing but REMO tenses like a panther about to spring. A pause and he hurls himself at someone unseen moving along the stream bed.

CUT TO

REMO dropping on SOMEONE's back. There is an explosion of movement and REMO is thrown twelve feet to land with a thump, his shoulders against the base of a tree and the wind knocked from his body. He looks up with a wince as a worried RAYNER arrives at his side. Together they gaze up at - CHIUN. REMO sighs.

REMO
Rayner - meet Chiun.

CHIUN looks dispassionately at RAYNER and speaks without enthusiasm.

CHIUN
A woman.

RAYNER
I appreciate you noticing.

REMO picks himself up.

REMO
What are you doing here?

CHIUN
I had uneasy feelings - an infant smothered in its cot - a child crying for its nursemaid. I saw the House of Sinanju without an heir.

REMO smiles at a perplexed RAYNER.

REMO
He talks like that.

CHIUN starts to move through the trees.

CHIUN
Come - we must sleep. There will be much to do tomorrow.

CUT TO

THE SUN rising above a range of thickly wooded hills.

CUT TO

THE BARRIER at the entrance to MOUNT PROMISE MILITARY CAMP swinging up dramatically and a line of TRUCKS full of ARMED SOLDIERS roaring out in the early morning light.

CUT TO

A DIRT ROAD DIVIDING and the line of trucks breaking off to take different routes through the forest.

CUT TO

A TRUCK crunching to a halt in a clearing and a JUNIOR OFFICER jumping from the cab.

CUT TO

THE TAILBOARD OF TRUCK crashing down and SOLDIERS leaping to the ground.

CUT TO

A LINE OF SOLDIERS FANNING OUT through the trees with another truck glimpsed in the background.

CUT TO

A LINE OF SOLDIERS advancing warily towards CAMERA through thickly wooded country.

No sooner have they passed, and we see a vista of empty forest, than REMO, RAYNER and CHIUN rise up from the undergrowth and start moving at right angles to the direction the SOLDIERS have come from.

CUT TO

RAYNER stepping through the trees with REMO near her. CAMERA descends to ground level.

CUT TO

THE HIDEOUS SHARK MOUTH OF AN OPEN BEAR TRAP. We glimpse for a second and then, in a series of shots that are almost subliminal in their speed, we see RAYNER'S foot descending towards the trap, REMO'S face alerted to the danger, the trap beginning to snap shut, a whir of movement from REMO.

CUT TO

RAYNER'S TERRIFIED FACE as we hear the trap snapping shut. DESCEND to reveal that REMO is still grasping the length of dead wood he has thrust into the closing trap to prevent it crushing RAYNER'S foot. The wicked teeth have sunk deep into the wood and are brushing RAYNER'S flesh. Apprehensively she withdraws her undamaged foot. CHIUN addresses REMO without emotion.

CHIUN
Good.

RAYNER
(incredulous)
'Good'?

CHIUN looks at RAYNER coldly.

CHIUN
Our standards are high.

He leads the way on through the forest.

CUT TO

TWO ARMED SOLDIERS guarding an empty TRUCK. One is lighting the other's cigarette when he pauses as if he has heard something. Both men turn to face the nearest trees, weapons at the ready. WHOOSH! REMO and CHIUN hurtle from the opposite direction and the TWO SOLDIERS are disarmed and K.O.'d with ruthless Sinanju speed and skill.

An impressed RAYNER appears in shot as REMO wrenches open a door of the cab.

REMO
Inside!

RAYNER hurries forward.

CUT TO

RAYNER plopping down between CHIUN and REMO at the wheel as the TRUCK surges forward.

CUT TO

TRUCK surging dramatically from trees onto a narrow track that borders a steep slope on which timber has recently been felled and trimmed. A sign says GILL CREEK LOGGING.

CUT TO

TRUCK bursting under a FLUME, a long wooden trough raised from the ground that uses water to carry logs down the hillside.

CUT TO

REMO is handling the TRUCK like a pro.

A FASCINATED RAYNER looking from REMO to CHIUN admiringly as it bounces over a pothole.

RAYNER
Who are you?

REMO flashes that famous smile as he looks at her.

REMO
Would you believe we're the good guys?

A worried squeak from CHIUN and REMO jerks his head forward.

CUT TO

A huge ARMY TANK heading straight towards the truck. REMO saws at the wheel.

CUT TO

THE TRUCK swerving to avoid hitting the TANK and hanging in space for a moment before careering over the edge and starting to plunge down a steep slope.

CUT TO

TRUCK hitting the end of one of the felled logs lying haphazardly across the slope. The log spins and hits another log which starts to roll.

A large stump looms up and REMO is forced to drive across the slope scraping another log which starts to move. The TRUCK sways and nearly tips over.

CUT TO

REMO and COMPANY inside the cab as if on a bucking bronco. REMO hits another log and steers downhill again. An avalanche of dust and logs is building up.

REMO

Jump!

CUT TO

The nose of the TRUCK tilting down the slope as the door bursts open and REMO and RAYNER jump. A bounding log nearly hits them as the TRUCK crashes on down the hill.

CUT TO

REMO cradling RAYNER in his arms behind a stump as logs bounce and crash past them. REMO turns to look down the slope.

CUT TO

A cloud of dust down the slope as seen from REMO'S POV. There is the sound of the TRUCK crashing through saplings and the roar of the log slide.

The logs and the immediate danger have passed REMO. He starts to bound down the steep slope.

CUT TO

REMO running with Sinanju grace and speed as he arrives at the concertinaed remains of the TRUCK near a fast moving stream at the bottom of a steep valley where there is still tree cover. The dust is settling. Logs are piled everywhere, some against the truck. Flames lick around the hood. It seems that nobody could have survived.

REMO
(worried)
Chiun!

He peers inside the remains of the cab and turns away. His hand covers his face.

REMO
(despairing)
Oh, god.

A pause and there is an exasperated Korean croak from near REMO. CHIUN pulls himself up from the undergrowth. REMO hurries to his side.

REMO
Are you all right?

CHIUN winces. His ankle is hurting him.

CHIUN
It is nothing, my son.

REMO looks at CHIUN - stunned by the significance of the Korean's words.

REMO
What did you call me?

CHIUN ignores the question because he has heard danger. He twists his head upstream.

CHIUN
Hide!

We hear nothing but REMO grabs RAYNER who has just arrived on the scene and pulls her towards cover as CHIUN moves to conceal himself.

CUT TO

A HELICOPTER seen in the far distance as it skims down a steep slope from the MOUNT PROMISE BASE. We see the buildings on the edge of the slope and the FLUME as it rises past them up the tree-covered valley.

CUT TO

REMO, with RAYNER near him, sheltering beneath a log. He glances towards the remains of the truck and we see gas dripping to the earth from a fractured tank.

REMO picks up a stick and draws it between his fingers so fast that its tip bursts into flame. RAYNER looks on in amazement.

REMO tosses the stick towards the gasoline.

CUT TO

PILOT and CO-PILOT in HELICOPTER. THEY are scanning treetops. CO-PILOT points.

CUT TO

FLAMES rising above tree line. HELICOPTER closing in.

CUT TO

CO-PILOT speaking into radio mike.

CO-PILOT
The truck's blazing. No sign of survivors.

CUT TO

GROVE and WATSON standing beside a JEEP with DRIVER and RADIO OPERATOR at MOUNT PROMISE. They look at each other with relief. GENERAL WATSON speaks into a hand mike.

GENERAL WATSON
Return to base. We'll send somebody to investigate.

CUT TO

HELICOPTER droning away out of sight behind trees as seen from POV of REMO, RAYNER and CHIUN emerging from cover. CHIUN hobbles.

REMO
How do you feel?

CHIUN
It is a small break. When you approach the last sixty years of your life there is a tendency for the bones to become somewhat brittle.

REMO shrugs at RAYNER. That's CHIUN.

RAYNER looks about her at the forest and the burning truck.

RAYNER
What are we going to do?

REMO
You're going with Chiun.

REMO'S eyes raise to where a gap in the trees allows us to see the HELICOPTER as a distant speck approaching the buildings of the army camp on the edge of the ridge. The FLUME snakes up the steep slope.

REMO
I've got a job to finish.

RAYNER looks as if she would say more but CHIUN steps forward and lays a hand on REMO'S.

CHIUN
Don't embarrass us.

REMO places a hand on top of CHIUN'S.

REMO
I won't, little father.

REMO turns to RAYNER.

REMO
I'll see you.

We feel he means it. A glance is held and REMO raises RAYNER'S hand and kisses it. She does not want to leave him but CHIUN plucks at her sleeve.

As they move into the trees REMO is off and running.

CUT TO

A SQUAD OF ARMED SOLDIERS sprinting to take up firing positions beside a road through the forest. Two hundred yards away in the background can be glimpsed some LOGGING BUILDINGS and the bottom of the FLUME.

A MOTORCYCLE RADIO OPERATOR is speaking urgently into his RADIO.

MOTORCYCLE RADIO OPERATOR
He's alive! We've located him near the bottom of the flume. Charley Company's got him pinned down. He's not going anywhere.

WOMP! REMO arrives like a bullet to disprove this statement. A Sinanju jab and the MOTORCYCLIST is sprawling as REMO leaps onto his machine and roars off with the radio mike trailing in the dust.

CUT TO

SOLDIERS spinning round as REMO makes a tight turn and hurtles back towards the FLUME.

A SOLDIER lunges forward with weapon raised to bar the way but REMO makes the BIKE stand on its rear wheel like a bucking bronco and sends the man flying.

As REMO screams away shots crash after him.

CUT TO

FOOT OF FLUME where it feeds logs into a holding basin of water. There is a STORAGE SHED at the water's edge next to the steep base section of the FLUME. The shed is built into the hillside so that the earth buttressed against its side forms a natural ramp to roof level. The flume is dry and not in action.

THREE LOGGERS are marshaling logs in the holding basin. They stare incredulously as REMO roars down the road towards them.

CUT TO

REMO veering from road and skirting the basin. He roars towards the shed and rides up the earth buttress accelerating onto the roof as if it was a ramp. The MOTOR BIKE soars into space above the ramp.

CUT TO

REMO and BIKE thumping down into the dry bed of the flume and starting to roar up it.

CUT TO

Watching LOGGER as his mouth drops open.

LOGGER

Holy shit!

CUT TO

REMO and bike racing up the narrow FLUME at treetop height. A bend looms and he has to ride up the lip like a wall-of-death rider. One misjudgment and he would be hurtling into the trees. The FLUME takes a sudden turn upwards and the bike leaps in the air at its summit.

CUT TO

GENERAL WATSON and GROVE in stationary JEEP on road that winds down from Mount Promise. FLUME can be seen through trees in background. GENERAL WATSON is listening to WALKIE-TALKIE. DRIVER and TWO SOLDIERS ARMED with BAZOOKAS present.

GENERAL WATSON

He's what?

He listens before turning to GROVE.

GENERAL WATSON
He's coming up the flume.

GROVE holds his glance and then looks towards the FLUME.

CUT TO

REMO bursting round a bend in the FLUME and hurtling towards us.

CUT TO

DUST and SPINNING WHEELS as the COMMAND JEEP brakes to a halt on a BEND on the winding road which affords a view of a two hundred and fifty foot long flat section of the FLUME on the far side of a deep intervening VALLEY.

Also visible stretching down the steep hillside to cross the FLUME and the valley at an angle and pass over the BEND is what looks like a power line.

GENERAL WATSON and GROVE pile out of the JEEP with the TWO BAZOOKA SOLDIERS. GROVE immediately indicates the FLUME.

GROVE
Blast it!

The BAZOOKA SOLDIERS look at each other and then at GENERAL WATSON. Is this guy serious? A cowered WATSON remains silent.

GROVE
You heard me!

THE BAZOOKA SOLDIERS throw up their weapons.

CUT TO

BANG! An explosion on the edge of the FLUME ahead as seen from REMO'S POV. Still he hurtles on.

CUT TO

SECOND BAZOOKA SOLDIER firing and his weapon recoiling.

CUT TO

THE FLUME exploding in front of REMO as seen from his POV.

CUT TO

A huge section of FLUME crumbling into the valley. Now there is a gap two hundred feet wide between the two sections of FLUME that protrude from the tree cover.

CUT TO

REMO thundering towards void. In CLOSE SHOT we see the steely determination on that sensitive streetwise face as he presses down on his machine like a jockey on a thoroughbred.

CUT TO

The awesome gap that faces REMO as seen by GROVE and COMPANY.

CUT TO

REMO hurtling towards the very edge of the void.

CUT TO

REMO bursting from the trees and hurtling into the air from the shattered end of the WATER FLUME. The front wheel lifts and REMO rises in the saddle as the bike soars majestically and clears the gap.

CUT TO

REMO thumping down on the far side of the FLUME, bounding, wobbling precariously, rearing and then mastering the machine to continue roaring on up the FLUME.

CUT TO

GROVE and COMPANY staring at the gap REMO has jumped. Their expressions say it all.

GROVE looks up the steep slope that the winding FLUME follows. His expression mellows.

CUT TO

THE UPPER LIMIT OF THE FLUME that we can see. WATER starts to surge down it. Then a LOG.

CUT TO

REMO flashing round a bend in the FLUME and pounding on through the TREE TOPS. Another bend looms up and he keels over to take it.

CUT TO

A RUSH OF WATER sluicing down the FLUME followed by the first LOG.

CUT TO

REMO speeding round a bend and straightening up as his front wheel flirts with the lip of the FLUME.

Without warning, a surge of water sweeps down the FLUME towards him. REMO rides into the water.

CUT TO

A HUGE LOG bearing down on REMO.

CUT TO

REMO rising in the saddle and leaping high to seize an over-hanging branch.

CUT TO

REMO'S BIKE smashing into the LOG and hurtling into the air as it is dashed aside.

CUT TO

REMO dangling from the branch as the logs start to sweep by beneath. There is an ominous crack and the branch sags.

CUT TO

REMO'S legs dangling just above the surging water as a huge log threatens to separate them from the rest of his body. REMO raises his legs at the last second. The LOG thunders by beneath him.

CUT TO

SNAP! The branch breaks.

CUT TO

REMO twisting in midair and landing on his feet on a descending log with applaudable Sinanju style and agility. The branch has been discarded en route.

REMO spreads his arms and the perilous descent begins.

CUT TO

THE COMMAND JEEP screeching to a halt as it follows the FLUME uphill to find the remains of REMO. GROVE and COMPANY gape as they stare across the valley.

CUT TO

REMO from GROVE'S POV as he rides back down the FLUME as if on a surfboard.

CUT TO

TIRES kicking up dust as the JEEP slams into reverse.

CUT TO

THE INSIDE OF THE WATER FLUME from REMO'S POV. We swing round corners at terrifying speed and hang in space when the log bounces off a lip as the gradient changes. There is a thumping, bumping, grinding sound and the noise of rushing water.

CUT TO

REMO balanced athletically on the log in a straight part of the FLUME. HE looks to his right.

CUT TO

A BRIGHT RED LOGGING BALLOON descending the CABLE we first saw when GROVE blew a section out of the FLUME. Beneath the BALLOON hang half a dozen HEAVY LOGS secured by the METAL CLAWS. They swing menacingly.

The CABLE is on course to cross the FLUME ahead of REMO.

CUT TO

A BEND in the WATER FLUME from REMO'S POV as he hurtles towards it. It seems like a dead end and we hear his mounting roar of apprehension before the log veers at the very last second.

CUT TO

BACK VIEW of REMO disappearing down the FLUME.

CUT TO

A WATERFALL which has been caused by the blasting of the FLUME at the point where REMO did his motorcycle leap. LOGS are dropping sixty feet down the steep side of the valley.

CUT TO

GROVE and COMPANY on a bend of the winding road opposite the ruptured FLUME. Everybody has piled out of the COMMAND JEEP. GROVE looks complacent as he watches the logs crash down the hillside. REMO will be along soon.

CUT TO

REMO'S apprehensive face.

CUT TO

THE SEVERED END OF THE FLUME ahead as seen from REMO'S POV. A LOG thirty feet in front of REMO tilts and drops into the void.

THE RED LOGGING BALLOON glides from behind some treetops and is almost above the break in the FLUME as REMO surges towards it.

At the last second before his LOG crashes into the void, REMO leaps to hang onto one of the spinning logs suspended from the BALLOON. With it he is carried away from the FLUME towards temporary safety.

CUT TO

GROVE and COMPANY, stupefied as they react to what has happened. Before they can do anything REMO is on course to pass over their heads. The RED BALLOON is sweeping nearer along the CABLE.

CUT TO

REMO clambering onto PLATFORM of BALLOON as the wind ruffles his hair. He launches himself at the controls and grabs a lever as he looks down vengefully.

CUT TO

BALLOON sweeping over GROVE and COMPANY.

CUT TO

REMO, teeth clenched, wrenching at LEVER.

CUT TO

METAL CLAWS jerking open. A LOG is released.

CUT TO

LOGS FALLING like a huge bomb as GROVE and COMPANY scatter. The LOG bounces making a large dent in the surface of the road and starts to roll towards GROVE'S DRIVER and one of the BAZOOKA SOLDIERS who are forced to flee towards the steep hillside. They disappear from sight with a shout of alarm as the LOG pursues them.

GROVE thrusts remaining BAZOOKA SOLDIERS towards the JEEP and barks at GENERAL WATSON.

GROVE
Move! We'll get him at the water.

The THREE MEN converge on the JEEP.

CUT TO

REMO, worried, as he pulls at the LOG RELEASE LEVER. Clearly, something is wrong. As we hear the creak of the ropes and the sound of the wind, REMO peers down at the logs.

CUT TO

THE PROTRUDING SECTION of a lopped branch that sticks out to block the log release mechanism.

CUT TO

REMO starting to lower himself from the platform onto the logs so that he can clear the jammed release mechanism. The wind rushes through his hair. We hear the rasp of metal against the CABLE.

CUT TO

GROVE looking up from the passenger seat of the JEEP. GENERAL WATSON is driving and the BAZOOKA SOLDIER is in the back, now with a SUBMACHINE GUN.

THE BALLOON CABLE passes above the road ahead as it zig-zags down the steep hillside. THE LOGGING BALLOON can be seen approaching through the trees.

GROVE shouts at the BAZOOKA SOLDIER.

GROVE
Get him!

THE BAZOOKA SOLDIER raises his weapon and then hesitates, loath to kill a man in cold blood. The enraged GROVE snatches the SUBMACHINE GUN and clubs BAZOOKA SOLDIER viciously in the face with the butt knocking him from the JEEP.

In the confusion, REMO sweeps overhead unscathed. A sharp bend looms up.

CUT TO

REMO clinging to the underneath of the platform and stretched full length along the logs so that he can try and free the blocked release mechanism with a kick. HE grits his teeth as the treetops sweep by dizzily beneath and the BALLOON rasps against the CABLE.

CUT TO

GROVE poised to fire as the JEEP comes round a bend.

GROVE
Step on it!

The JEEP surges forward towards the descending CABLE as the BALLOON sweeps into view. GROVE opens fire with a withering blast.

CUT TO

REMO on the logs as bullets whistle about him and blast chunks from the wood. Teeth clenched, he kicks out with his feet.

CUT TO

THE TRUNCATED BRANCH clearing the release mechanism and the STEEL CLAWS swinging open.

CUT TO

REMO dropping with the LOGS. At the last instant he dangles from the underside of the PLATFORM while the LOGS fall like a stick of bombs.

CUT TO

LOGS hitting the road in front of the JEEP a split second before it crashes into them.

CUT TO

THE JEEP crashing through the moving tangle of logs and turning into a ball of flame as it leaves the road and careens down the hillside with the logs slewing after it. We follow the passage of the ball of flame through the trees until there is a loud explosion.

CUT TO

A tongue of flame soaring above the treetops.

CUT TO

REMO hauling himself back onto the platform. Below him can be seen a column of smoke rising from the forest and open water glimpsed in the distance. There is an ominous hissing noise and REMO looks up.

CUT TO

A HOLE IN BALLOON MATERIAL with gas escaping.

CUT TO

REMO'S worried face a second before - SNAP! - the CABLE severs and whips back nearly taking REMO'S head with it.

As REMO ducks, the freed BALLOON lurches erratically and he is thrown sideways to roll off the platform into space.

CUT TO

REMO hanging from one of the METAL CLAWS. THE BALLOON starts to lose height fast.

CUT TO

TREETOPS seen from REMO'S POV as they rush towards him.

CUT TO

THE LAKE and a SPEEDBOAT with RAYNER at the controls and CHIUN beside her. Anxiously they follow the descent of the BALLOON.

CUT TO

THE LOGGING BALLOON from the POV of the SPEEDBOAT as it sinks dangerously into the trees above the shoreline.

CUT TO

REMO clinging onto the METAL CLAW for dear life. A HUGE TREE looms up. The WIRE holding the claw fouls a branch and REMO is jerked clear.

CUT TO

REMO crashing through branches which half break his fall until he thuds to earth.

CUT TO

REMO, battered but unbowed, as he picks himself up, dusts off some foliage and heads down the slope towards the lake.

CUT TO

REMO sliding down the steep hillside as he approaches one of the LOGS that bounced down the slope from the road.

A SERVICE REVOLVER looms into frame pointing straight at REMO.

GROVE'S VOICE
Hold it!

REMO halts.

GROVE, bleeding and disheveled, rises from behind a giant LOG. Now he reverts to type - the street fighter with his back against the wall.

CUT TO

REMO, on his toes, his eyes on the gun that points towards his stomach across twenty yards of pine needle carpet. This is the bullet-dodging routine - for real.

CUT TO

GROVE taking a couple of steps forward. His face is a mask of hate.

GROVE
I'm going to blow you apart, scum bag.

He fires. REMO ripples sideways. The bullet misses. Unperturbed, GROVE moves closer.

GROVE
Lucky. This one's going to take your balls off.

His arm lunges out and he fires.

CUT TO

A BULLET ripping through the material of REMO'S fatigues at thigh level. GROVE was nearly right. REMO barely moved in time.

CUT TO

REMO'S face. Sweating but unflinching. We hear CHIUN'S VOICE repeating the words he used in the kitchen of the SAFEHOUSE.

CHIUN'S VOICE
' - avoid six bullets and you have a chance of survival.'

REMO stares impassively, ready for anything.

CUT TO

GROVE, not so confident now. He takes another step forward and holds out his gun in two hands to take careful aim. BANG!

CUT TO

REMO alighting unscathed. He speaks with cold menace.

REMO
You've got three left.

CUT TO

GROVE'S FACE. Now it's panic time. In desperation he bangs off two shots.

CUT TO

REMO, twisting, darting, as he hurtles towards GROVE like the ghost-image of an avenging angel.

CUT TO

GROVE'S horrified face.

CUT TO

GROVE'S finger squeezing off the last shot.

CUT TO

REMO, almost on GROVE, his face contorted as he roars like a wounded lion.

CUT TO

REMO'S ARM flashing out once, twice, thrice as there is the hideous noise of a knife ripping into an empty box. GROVE screams in pain.

CUT TO

BLOOD welling from wounds in GROVE'S neck and chest as if he has been hit by three of his own bullets. He crashes backwards like a felled tree.

CUT TO

REMO, triumphant, chest-heaving as he looks down at GROVE'S lifeless body. Slowly the tension drains from his face and he raises his eyes to gaze up the slope.

CUT TO

The funeral pyre of the still-blazing JEEP seen through the trees.

CUT TO

TED KOPPEL reading the evening news on ABC.

KOPPEL
... General Watson. Also found in the wreckage of this tragic accident was the body of George S. Grove...

CAMERA pulls back to reveal SMITH watching the TV SCREEN in his darkened office.

KOPPEL
... head of The Grove Corporation, one of this country's major defense contractors and many times recipient of Presidential Awards for excellence...

SMITH'S face is totally expressionless.

CUT TO

REMO'S HEAD breaking the surface of the lake as he starts to swim out to the waiting SPEEDBOAT.

RAYNER looking towards the approaching REMO, overjoyed. She turns to CHIUN whose expression is one of enthusiasm and relief - until he sees RAYNER looking at him. Then the expression becomes pinched and critical. He shakes his head.

CHIUN
So clumsy.

CUT TO

REMO reaching the side of the SPEEDBOAT. He sucks in air and looks up at the waiting RAYNER for a few seconds before hauling himself over the side. He rises unsteadily. He and RAYNER stand facing each other. She looks great and so does he. The water had washed most of the grime away and there is just a thin veil of blood from the cut above the eye. His clothing is torn so that a few beautifully muscled limbs show through. It looks like the second before the big kiss. CHIUN is at the controls.

CHIUN
(matter-of-factly)
I will drive.

With his words the SPEEDBOAT leaps forward and REMO and RAYNER are thrown back against the comfortable upholstered sofa seat at the rear of the boat.

They are now in each other's arms.

RAYNER
What took you so long?

REMO
(innocent)
To get here?

RAYNER takes hold of the front of his shirt with both hands and pulls him firmly towards her mouth.

RAYNER
To kiss me.

They kiss memorably as the boat suddenly changes direction.

CUT TO

CHIUN inscrutable at the controls with REMO and RAYNER in each other's arms behind him. He speaks as if addressing audience.

CHIUN
Pitiful.

CUT TO

THE MOTORBOAT speeding on an erratic course across the lake. On and on and on and on until it is the merest speck.

FADE TO BLACK. A few beats and as CREDITS START TO ROLL we hear:

RAYNER'S VOICE
Remo, darling - where are you going?

REMO'S VOICE
Chiun wants me. There's more work to be done.

RAYNER'S VOICE
Will you be back?

There is a pause and then a firm -

REMO'S VOICE
You can count on it.

* THE END *